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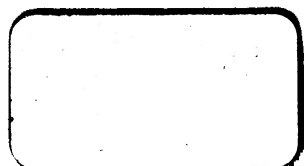
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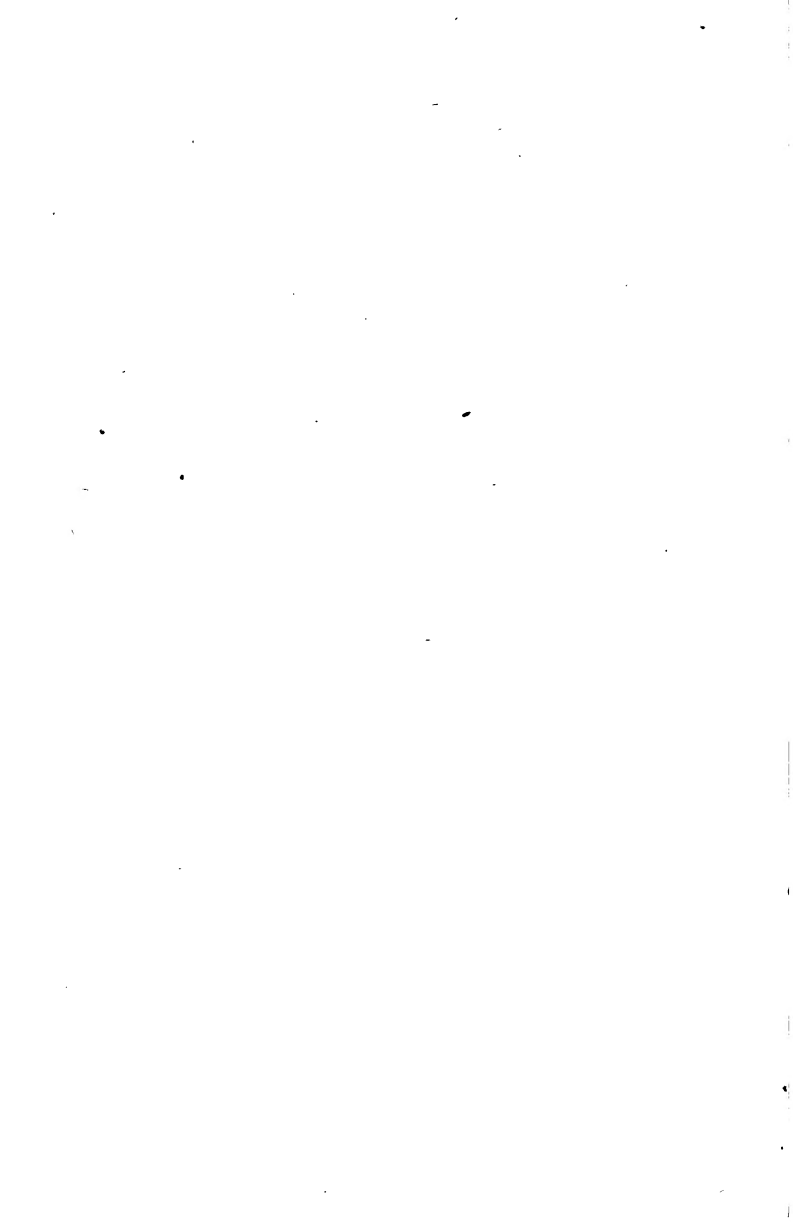


THE ACTORS' EDITION

SHAKESPEARE

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

VOLUME II



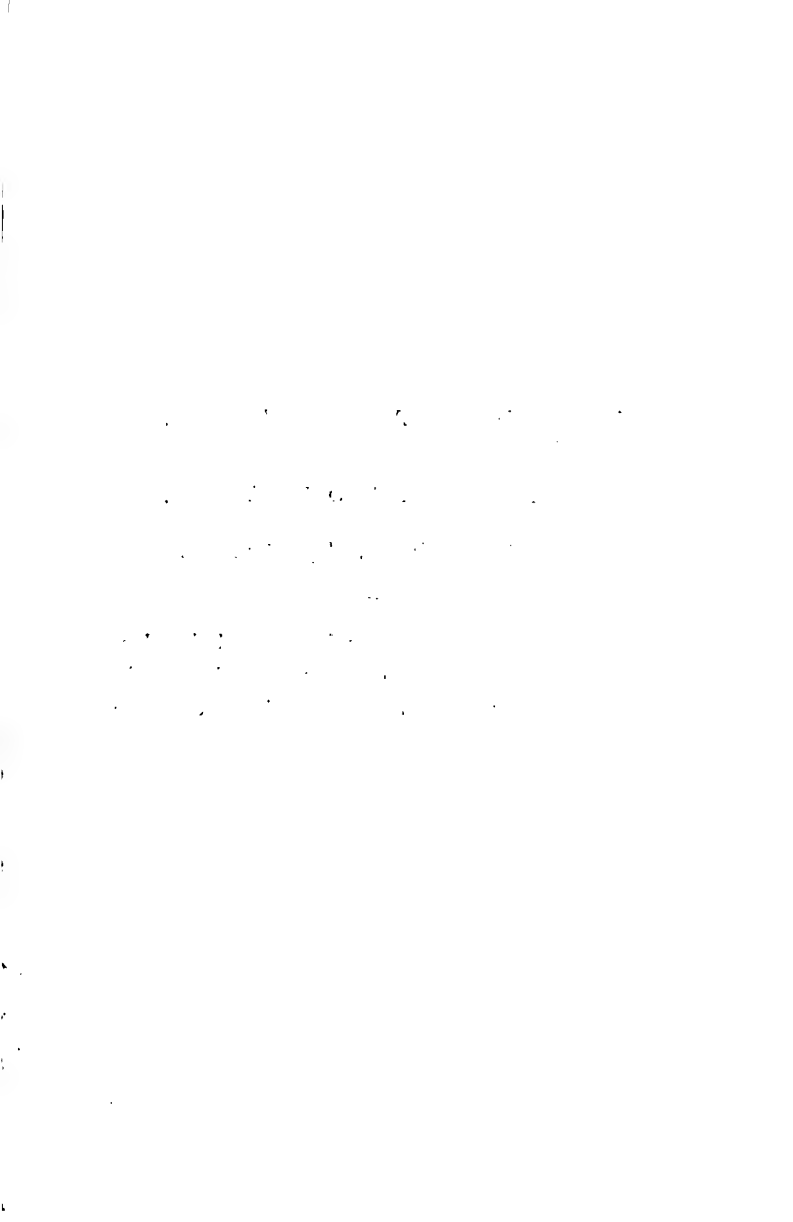
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A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

HERMIA, HELENA AND LYSANDER.

Stage composition by Mr. Augustin Daly.

The richness and faithful archæological detail of Mr. Daly's Shakespearian revivals are exhibited in this admirable print from the actual scene at the theatre.

THE ACTORS' EDITION

THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY CLARK & WRIGHT

WITH HIS LIFE
AN HISTORICAL SUMMARY OF THE PLOT AND CHARACTERS
AND VARIORUM READINGS TO EACH PLAY

BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ESQ.
THE EMINENT SHAKESPEARIAN SCHOLAR

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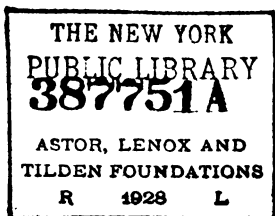
A CONCORDANCE OF FAMILIAR GEMS FROM SHAKESPEARE
ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ALL THE CHARACTERS IN THE
PLAYS, GLOSSARY, INDEX, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTY-ONE PHOTOGRAVURES
OF SCENES AFTER CELEBRATED PAINTINGS, AND PORTRAITS
IN COSTUME OF EMINENT ACTORS AND ACTRESSES
OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.

VOLUME TWO

PHILADELPHIA
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A
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.

EGEUS, father to Hermia.

LYSANDER, } in love with Hermia.

DEMETRIUS, }

PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus.

QUINCE, a carpenter

SNUG, a joiner.

BOTTOM, a weaver.

FLUTE, a bellows-mender.

SNOOT, a tinker.

STARVELING, a tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, king of the fairies.

TITANIA, queen of the fairies

PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow.

PEASEBLOSSOM, }

COBWEB, }

MOTH, }

MUSTARDSEED, }

fairies.

Other fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: *Athens, and a wood near it.*

A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. The palace of THESEUS.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves
in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow 10
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news
with thee? 21

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious duke,
 This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her
 rhymes

And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
 Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung 30
 With feigning voice verses of feigning love,
 And stolen the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweetmeats, messen-
 gers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's
 heart,

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,
 Be it so she will not here before your grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius, 40
 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
 Which shall be either to this gentleman
 Or to her death, according to our law
 Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advised,
 fair maid:

To you your father should be as a god;
 One that composed your beauties, yea, and one
 To whom you are but as a form in wax
 By him imprinted and within his power 50
 To leave the figure or disfigure it.
 Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
 But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
 The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my
 eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judge-
 ment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
 I know not by what power I am made bold,
 Nor how it may concern my modesty, 60
 In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;

But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun, 70
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up 80
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next
new moon—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life. 90

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia: and, Lysander,
yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my
love,
And what is mine my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and ail my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his; 100
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,

If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
 And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
 I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:
 Why should not I then prosecute my right?
 Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
 Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
 And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
 Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
 Upon this spotted* and inconstant man. 110

The. I must confess that I have heard so
 much, *Wicked.
 And with Demetrius thought to have spoke
 thereof;

But, being over-full of self-affairs,
 My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
 And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
 I have some private schooling for you both.
 For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
 To fit your fancies to your father's will;
 Or else the law of Athens yields you up—
 Which by no means we may extenuate— 120
 To death, or to a vow of single life.
 Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
 Demetrius and Egeus, go along:
 I must employ you in some business
 Against our nuptial and confer with you
 Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.*]

Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek
 so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could
 well 130

Beteem* them from the tempest of my eyes. *Give.

Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth;
 But, either it was different in blood,—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.

Lys. Or else misgrafted in respect of years,—

Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary* as a sound, *Momentary.
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied† night, †Black.
That, in a spleen,† unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny: 151
Then let us teach our trial patience, †Lightning-flash.
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's* followers. *Love's.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me,
Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son. 160
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head, 170
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes
Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars;* and your tongue's sweet
air

*Pole-stars.

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour† so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet me-
lody.

†Countenance.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,‡
The rest I'd give to be to you translated. 191
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart. ‡Excepted.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my
smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection
move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault
were mine! 201

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my
face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass, 210

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,

A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,

Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I

Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! 221
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [*Exit Herm.*

Helena, adieu:

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, 230
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.

As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured every where: 241
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,* *Eyes.
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain, 250
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Athens.* QUINCE'S house.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT,
and STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point. 10

Quin. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed. 21

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar

The foolish Fates. 40

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming. 50

Quin. That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too, I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thisne, Thisne;' 'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor. 60

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father. Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring. 71

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an* 'twere any nightingale.

*As if.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus;

for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

91

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties,* such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

*Theatrical articles.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A wood near Athens.*

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and PUCK.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs* upon the green. *Circles.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be: 10

In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lo[†] of spirits; I'll be gone: †Looby.
Our queen and all our elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-
night:

Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath, 20
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her
joy:

And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square,* that all their elves for fear 30
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.*Quarrel.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making
quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern*
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;†
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he? *Hand-mill. †Yeast.

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;

I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,* *Wild-apple

And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
 And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale. 50
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire† hold their hips and
 laugh,

And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear †Company.
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.

But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he
 were gone!

*Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his train;
 from the other, TITANIA, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania. 60

Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip
 hence:

I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: but I know
 When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
 And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
 Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
 To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
 Come from the farthest steppe of India?
 But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon, 70
 Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
 To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
 To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
 Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
 Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
 Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering
 night

From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
 And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
 With Ariadne and Antiopa? 80

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
 And never, since the middle summer's spring,*
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead, *Beginning.
 By paved fountain or by rushy brook,

Or in the beached margent of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogs; which falling in the land 90
 Have every pelting† river made so proud †Paltry.
 That they have overborne their continents:‡
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
 Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard;
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
 The nine men's morris§ is fill'd up with mud,
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
 For lack of tread are undistinguishable: 100
 The human mortals want their winter here;
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound:
 And thorough this distemperature we see
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
 And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds 110
 Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
 The childing|| autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which:
 And this same progeny of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissension;
 We are their parents and original.

†That which contains anything. §Place set apart for Moorish
 dance by nine men. ||Pregnant.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy, 120
 To be my henchman.*

*Attendant.

Tita. Set your heart at rest:
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a votaress of my order:
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,

Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood,
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
 Following,—her womb then rich with my young
 squire,—

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Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die:
 And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
 And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round 140
 And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!

We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exit Titania with her train.*]

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove

Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back 150
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath

That the rude sea grew civil at her song
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,

Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal throned by the west,

And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts; 160
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
 And the imperial votaress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
 It fell upon a little western flower,
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
 And maidens call it love-in-idleness,
 Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once:
 The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid 170
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes. [Exit.

Obe. Having once this juice,
 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
 The next thing then she waking looks upon,
 Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, 180
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
 And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
 As I can take it with another herb,
 I'll make her render up her page to me.
 But who comes here? I am invisible;
 And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
 Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
 The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me. 190
 Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood,
 And here am I, and wode* within this wood, *Mad.
 Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
 But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
 Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
 And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?

Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth 200
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your love,—
And yet a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be used as you use your dog? 210

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my
spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach* your modesty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night *Call in question.
And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege: for that 220
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the
brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase; 231
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex: 240

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.

[*Exit Dem.*

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exit.*

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave
this grove,

Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows, 250

†Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:

There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;

And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:

And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love 260

With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies

May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.

Effect it with some care that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love:

And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall
do so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel* and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence; *Dance.
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice† for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats, and some keep
back †Bats.

The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders

At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.

The Fairies sing.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen; 10

Newts and blind-worms,* do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody *Efts and slow-worms.

Sing in our sweet lullaby;

Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:

Never harm,

Nor spell nor charm,

Come our lovely lady nigh;

So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here; 20

Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!

Beetles black, approach not near;

Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

A Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well:

One aloof stand sentinel.

[Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.]

*Enter OBERON, and squeezes the flower on
Titania's eyelids.*

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,

Do it for thy true-love take,

Love and languish for his sake:

Be it ounce,* or cat, or bear, *Small tiger.

Pard,† or boar with bristled hair, †Leopard.

In thy eye that shall appear 32

When thou wakest, it is thy dear:

Wake when some vile thing is near.

[Exit.]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
wood;

And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:

We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head. 40

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us
both;

One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my
dear,

Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my inno-
cence!

Love takes the meaning in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit

So that but one heart we can make of it;

Two bosoms interchained with an oath;

So then two bosoms and a single troth. 50

Then by your side no bed-room me deny;

For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy

Lie further off; in human modesty,

Such separation as may well be said

Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,

So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:

Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end! 61

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes
be press'd! [They sleep.]

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,

But Athenian found I none,

On whose eyes I might approve

This flower's force in stirring love.

Night and silence,—Who is here? 70

Weeds* of Athens he doth wear:*Garments.

This is he, my master said,

Despised the Athenian maid;

And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 Pretty soul! she durst not lie
 Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charm doth owe.
 When thou wakest, let love forbid 80
 Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
 So awake when I am gone;
 For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling* leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.

*In the dark. [*Exit.*]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
 The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
 Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies; 90
 For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
 How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
 If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
 No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
 For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
 Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
 Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
 Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
 But who is here? Lysander! on the ground! 100
 Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
 Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [*Awaking*] And run through fire I will
 for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
 Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
 Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
 What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what
 though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content. 110

Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will 120
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

Hcl. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery
born?

When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo. 130

But fare you well: perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused! [*Exit.*]

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep
thou there:

And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive, 140
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!

And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen and to be her knight! [*Exit.*]

Her. [*Awaking*] Help me, Lysander, help
me! do thy best

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,

And you sat smiling at his cruel prey. 150
 Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!
 What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no
 word?
 Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
 Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
 No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:
 Either death or you I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The wood. Titania lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT,
and STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin,* a parlous† fear.

*By our little lady. †Perilous.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to 't.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—‘Ladies,’—or ‘Fair ladies,—I would wish you,’—or ‘I would request you,’—or ‘I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;’ and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight. 51

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and

let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake: and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen? 80
What, a play toward!* I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause. *Nearly ready.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

Bot. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours—
sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Bot. — odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played
here. [*Exit.* 90

Flu. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of
hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse that yet would never
tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. 'Ninus' tomb,' man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, 'never tire.'

Flu. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet
would never tire.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

Bot. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

[*Exeunt Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier: 110

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
[*Exit.*]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [Exit Snout. 120]

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.*

*Transformed. [*Exit.*]

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.]

The ousel cock* so black of hue, *Blackbird.

With orange-tawny bill,

The throstle with his note so true, 130

The wren with little quill,—

Tita. [*Awaking*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. [*Sings*]

The finch, the sparrow and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo grey,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note; 141
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can glee* upon occasion. *Scoff. 150

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee, 160
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and
MUSTARDSEED.

Peas. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Mus. And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees, 171
 And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
 To have my love to bed and to arise;
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
 To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
 Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Peas. Hail, mortal!

Cob. Hail!

Moth. Hail! 180

Mus. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily: I
 beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance,
 good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall
 make bold with you. Your name, honest gentle-
 man?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress
 Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod,
 your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall
 desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name,
 I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your
 patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-
 beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your
 house: I promise you your kindred hath made
 my eyes water ere now. I desire your more ac-
 quaintance, good Master Mustardseed. 201

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my
 bower.

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
 And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
 Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awaked;

Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.

How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule* now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower, *Revelry.
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches,† rude mechanicals, †Simpletons.
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, 10
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,‡
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport †Company.
Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's noll‡ I fixed on his head: ‡Head.

Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye, 20
Or russet-pated choughs; many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus
strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things
catch. 30

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd* the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do? *Smeared.

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd
too,—

And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force she must be
eyed. 40

Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you
so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee
worse,

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day 50

As he to me: would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bored and that the moon
May through the centre creep and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look, and so
should I,

Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear, 60
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is
he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my
hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me
past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!

O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!

Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave
touch! 70

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised*
mood: *Mistaken.

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get there-
fore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so: 80
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

[*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce
vein:

Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mis-
taken quite

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision* must perforce ensue *Mistake. 90
Some true love turn'd and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man
holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the
wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find:

All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,* *Countenance.
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:

I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go, 100
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously

As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wakest, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band, 110

Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be?

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me 120
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo
in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
weigh: 131

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgement when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give
her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not
you.

Dem. [*Awaking*] O Helen, goddess, nymph,
perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
 That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
 Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
 When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
 This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
 To set against me for your merriment:
 If you were civil and knew courtesy,
 You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
 But you must join in souls* to mock me too? 150
 If you were men, as men you are in show, *Heartily.
 You would not use a gentle lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
 When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
 And now both rivals, to mock Helena:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
 With your derision! none of noble sort† †Company.
 Would so offend a virgin and extort 160
 A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
 For you love Hermia; this you know I know:
 And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
 And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
 Whom I do love and will do till my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
 If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone. 170
 My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
 And now to Helen is it home return'd,
 There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not
 know,

Lest, to thy peril, thou aby* it dear. *Expiate.
 Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his func-
 tion takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense. 180
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth
press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from
my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him
bide,

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes* and eyes of light. *Circles.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee
know,

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so? 190

Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these con-
trived

To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time. 200
For parting us,—O, is it all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition; 210

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,

To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.
 I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me. 221

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
 To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
 And made your other love, Demetrius,
 Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
 Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
 To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
 Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
 And tender me, forsooth, affection, 230
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
 But miserable most, to love unloved?
 This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
 Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
 Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
 This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled. 240
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
 You would not make me such an argument.
 But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault;
 Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
 My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she
 entreat:

Thy threats have no more strength than her
 weak prayers. 250

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
 I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
 To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come!

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. †No, no; he'll. . .

Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,

But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose, 260

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?

Sweet love,—

Lys. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!

Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. 270

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!

Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:

Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest 280

That I do hate thee and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!

You thief of love! what, have you come by night And stolen my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare 290
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;* *Shrewish.
I have no gift at all in shrewishness; 301
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood. 310
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius. 320

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee,
Helena.

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!

She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. 'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and 'little!'

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious 330
In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend**Pretend.*
Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby† it. †Expiate.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek
by jole. [*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil* is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back. *Tumult.

Hel. I will not trust you, I, 340
Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*]

Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say,
[*Exit.*]

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest.
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man

By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise, 350

That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort* *Happen.

As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to
fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon

With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
 And lead these testy rivals so astray
 As one come not within another's way.
 Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
 Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong; 361
 And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
 And from each other look thou lead them thus,
 Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
 With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
 Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
 Whose liquor hath this virtuous*property,*Excellent.
 To take from thence all error with his might,
 And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
 When they next wake, all this derision 370
 Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision,
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
 With league whose date till death shall never end.
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
 I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
 And then I will her charmed eye release
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with
 haste,

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger; 380
 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and
 there,

Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
 That in crossways and floods have burial,
 Already to their wormy beds are gone;
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
 They wilfully themselves exile from light
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
 I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread, 390
 Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
 But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
 We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit.*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
 I will lead them up and down:

I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one. 400

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak
thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where
art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground.

[*Exit Lysander, as following the voice.*

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again:
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide
thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the
stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou
child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled 410
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood
here. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come,
thou gentle day!

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest
thou not? 421

Dem. Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither: I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou
shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. 430

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Re-enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate* thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight, *Shorten.
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad, 440
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Puck On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply 450
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.*
When thou wakest
Thou takest

True delight
 In the sight
 Of thy former lady's eye:
 And the country proverb known,
 That every man should take his own,
 In your waking shall be shown: 460
 Jack shall have Jill;
 Nought shall go ill;
 The man shall have his mare again, and all shall
 be well. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS,
 HELENA, and HERMIA *lying asleep.*

Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM,
 COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, and other
Fairies attending; OBERON behind unseen.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
 While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,*
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
 And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom? *Stroke.

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's
 Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get
 you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a
 red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle;
 and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag.
 Do not fret yourself too much in the action,
 mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the
 honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you
 overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's
 Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf,* Mounsieur Mustard-
 seed. Pray you, leave your courtesies, good moun-
 sieur. *Hand.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help
 Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the bar-

ber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love? 30

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts. 40

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

[*Exeunt fairies.*]

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle

Gently entwist; the female ivy so

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! 50

[*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

Obe. [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin.

See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity:

For, meeting her of late behind the wood,

Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,

I did upbraid her and fall out with her;

For she his hairy temples then had rounded

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;

And that same dew, which sometime on the buds

Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,

Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes 60

Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had at my pleasure taunted her

And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
 I then did ask of her her changeling child;
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
 And now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
 From off the head of this Athenian swain; 70
 That, he awaking when the other do,
 May all to Athens back again repair
 And think no more of this night's accidents
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be as thou wast wont to be;
 See as thou wast wont to see:
 Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
 Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
 Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
 O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.
 Titania, music call; and strike more dead
 Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth
 sleep! [*Music, still.*

Puck. Now, when thou wakest, with thine
 own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take
 hands with me, 90

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity

And will to-morrow midnight solemnly

Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly

And bless it to all fair prosperity:

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
 Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
 I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad, 100
 Trip we after night's shade:

We the globe can compass soon,
 Swifter than the wandering moon.
Tita. Come, my lord, and in our flight
 Tell me how it came this night
 That I sleeping here was found
 With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt.*
[Horns winded within.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
 For now our observation is perform'd;
 And since we have the vaward* of the day, 110
 My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
 Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
 Dispatch, I say, and find the forester. *Forepart.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top
 And mark the musical confusion
 Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
 When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
 With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
 Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves, 120
 The skies, the fountains, every region near
 Seem'd all one mutual cry:* I never heard
 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
 kind, *Yelping of hounds.
 So flew'd, so sanded,* and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
 Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian
 bulls; *Marked with yellow spots.

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry† more tuneable
 Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn, 130
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
 Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs
 are these?

†Pack of hounds.

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
 And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
 This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
 I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day 140
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with
their horns. [*Horns and shout within. Lys.,
Dem., Hel., and Her., wake and start up.*]
Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity? 150

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without* the peril of the Athenian law. *Beyond.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have
enough:

I beg the law, the law, upon his head. 160
They would have stolen away; they would,
Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their
stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy* following me. *Love.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—
But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia, 170
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd†
Which in my childhood I did dote upon; †Toy.

And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
 The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
 Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
 Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
 But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
 But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
 Now I do wish it, love it, long for it, 180
 And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
 Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
 Egeus, I will overbear your will;
 For in the temple, by and by, with us
 These couples shall eternally be knit:
 And, for the morning now is something worn,
 Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
 Away with us to Athens; three and three,
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity. 190
 Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt The., Hip., Ege., and train.*]

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
 Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
 When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
 And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
 Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure
 That we are awake? It seems to me
 That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
 The duke was here, and bid us follow him? 200

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him;
 And by the way let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*]

Bot. [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call me,
 and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.'
 Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender!
 Snout, the tinker! Starveling!

God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but man is but a patched* fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious,† I shall sing it at her death. *Motle. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Athens.* QUINCE'S house.

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and
STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens. 10

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say 'paragon:' a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he

lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Athens. The palace of THESEUS.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover and the poet
 Are of imagination all compact.* *Composed.
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
 That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic, 10
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
 heaven;

And as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.
 Such tricks hath strong imagination,
 That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy; 20
 Or in the night, imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
 And all their minds transfigured so together,
 More witnesseth than fancy's images
 And grows to something of great constancy;*
 But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and
 mirth. *Consistency.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and
 HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
 Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us 30
 Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masques, what dances
 shall we have,
 To wear away this long age of three hours
 Between our after-supper and bed-time?
 Where is our usual manager of mirth?
 What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
 To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
 Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement* have you for this
 evening? *Pastime.

What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
 The lazy time, if not with some delight? 40

Phil. There is a brief* how many sports are ripe:
 *Short account.

Make choice of which your highness will see first.
 [Giving a paper.]

The. [Reads] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'
 We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
 In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

[Reads] 'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
 Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'
 That is an old device; and it was play'd 50

When I from Thebes came last a conqueror
 [Reads] 'The thrice three Muses mourning for
 the death

Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.'
 That is some satire, keen and critical,
 Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

[Reads] 'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
 And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'

Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
 †That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
 How shall we find the concord of this discord? 60

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words
 long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play;
 But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
 Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
 There is not one word apt, one player fitted:
 And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
 For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
 Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
 The passion of loud laughter never shed. 70

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
 Which never labour'd in their minds till now,
 And now have toil'd their unbreathed* memories
 With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it. *Unpractised.

Phil. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play; 81
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no
such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this
kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for
nothing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mistake: 90
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
†Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome; 100
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

Phil. So please your grace, the Prologue is
address'd.*

*Ready.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter QUINCE for the Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill, 110
That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight

We are not here. That you should here repent
you,

The actors are at hand and by their show
You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough
colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my
lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue
like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in
government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain;
nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is
next?

*Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL,
MOONSHINE, and LION.*

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this
show;

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know; 130

This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers
sunder;

And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are
content

To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,

By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

This grisly beast, which Lion hight* by name, 140

The trusty Thisby, coming first by night, *Called.

Did scare away, or rather did affright;

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,

Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.

Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful
blade,

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain 151
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt Prologue, Pyramus, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may,
when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly. 161

This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth
show

That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak
better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I
heard discourse, my lord.

Enter PYRAMUS.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue
so black! 171

O night, which ever art when day is not!

O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!

And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

That stand'st between her father's ground and
mine!

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine
eyne! [*Wall holds up his fingers.*

Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!

But what see I? No Thisby do I see. 180
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!

Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans, 190

For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

This. My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay. [*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*]

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;

And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [*Exit.*]

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning. 211

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows;
and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend
them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and
not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than
they of themselves, they may pass for excellent
men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and
a lion. 221

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do
fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on
floor,

May now perchance both quake and tremble here,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am

A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam;

For, if I should as lion come in strife

Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good con-
science. 231

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that
e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot
carry his discretion; and the fox carries the
goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry
his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is
well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to
the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon
present;—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his
head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are in-
visible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon
present;

Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon. 260

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. [Roaring] Oh—— [Thisbe runs off.]

Dem. Well roared, Lion. 270

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.]

The. Well moused, Lion.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight. 280

But stay, O spite!

But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole* is here! *Grief
Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come, 290
Cut thread and thrum:† †Coarse yarn.
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd
with cheer.*

*Countenance.

Come, tears, confound; 300

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus;

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop:

[*Stabs himself.*

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, lose thy light;

Moon, take thy flight: [*Exit Moonshine.*

Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play. 321

Re-enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which

Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she means, videlicet:— 330

This. Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise!

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone: 340

Lovers, make moan:

His eyes were green as leeks.

O Sisters Three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk;

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word:

Come, trusty sword; 350

Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

[*Stabs herself.*]

And, farewell, friends;

Thus Thisby ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*]

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. [*Starting up*] No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask* dance between two of our company? 361

*Rustic dance.

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and

hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergo-mask: let your epilogue alone. [*A dance.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time. 371

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores, 380
All with weary task fordone.* **Weary.*

Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run 390
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf and fairy sprite 400
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,

To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[*Song and dance.*

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.*]

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend:
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [Exit.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DRAMA'TIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF VENICE.

THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } suitors to Portia.
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }

ANTONIO, a merchant of Venice.

BASSANIO, his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.

SALANIO, }
SALARINO, } friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
GRATIANO, }
SALERIO, }

LORENZO, in love with Jessica.

SHYLOCK, a rich Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, the clown, servant to Shylock.

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.

LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.

BALTHASAR, } servants to Portia.
STEPHANO, }

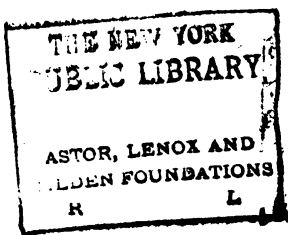
PORTIA, a rich heiress.

NERISSA, her waiting-maid.

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of
Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and
other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*





THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

CRESTON CLARKE AS SHYLOCK.

The son of a famous comedian, Creston Clarke, has developed notable talents as a versatile actor. His Shylock has won for him unbounded praise, and that he looks the part as well as acts it is shown in this admirable reproduction from life.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies* with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood, 10
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers, *Ships of burden.
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salar. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;
And every object that might make me fear 20
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing* her high-top lower than her ribs *Lowering.
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone, 30
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,

Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise. 40

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say
you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
Janus, 50
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their
eyes

And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salar. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
kinsman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made
you merry, 60
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we
laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*]

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,

We two will leave you: but at dinner-time, 70
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world,
Gratiano;

A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine 81
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain, 90
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'
O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time: 100
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:

I must^e be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.*

Gra. Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only commendable

*Business.

In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*]

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, 120
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigal
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio, 130
I owe the most, in money and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one
shaft, 140
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,

To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both 150
Or bring your latter hazard back again
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend
but time

To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest* unto it: therefore, speak. 160

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left; *Ready.
And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes* from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages: *Formerly.
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece; 170
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are
at sea;

Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do: 180
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,

Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is
awearied of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your
miseries were in the same abundance as your good
fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are
as sick that surfeit with too much as they that
starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness
therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity
comes sooner by white hairs, but competency
lives longer. 10

Por. Good sentences and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what
were good to do, chapels had been churches and
poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good
divine that follows his own instructions: I can
easier teach twenty what were good to be done,
than be one of the twenty to follow mine own
teaching. The brain may devise laws for the
blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree:
such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the
meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this
reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a
husband. O me, the word 'choose!' I may nei-
ther choose whom I would nor refuse whom I
dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed
by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard,
Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse
none? 29

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy
men at their death have good inspirations:
therefore the lottery, that he hath devised in
these three chests of gold, silver and lead,
whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,
will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly
but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth
is there in your affection towards any of these
princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level* at my affection.

*Aim.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then there is the County* Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say 'If you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

*Count.

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

70

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition* depending on the caskets.

*Command.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

Ner. True, madam, he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady. 131

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night. 139

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition* of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive† me than wive me.

*Temper. †Confess.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Venice. A public place.*

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months; well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months and Antonio bound. 10

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Oh, no, no, no, no: my meaning in

saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered* abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

*Scattered.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

40

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance* here with us in Venice. *Usury.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift, 51
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store,

And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good
signior; 60

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, although I neither lend nor
borrow

By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd*
How much ye would? *Informed.

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot; three months; you told
me so.

Well then, your bond; and let me see; but
hear you;

Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it. 71

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's
sheep—

This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; ay, he was the third—

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, not, as you would
say,

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanlings* which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams, *Lambs.

And, when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands
And, in the doing of the deed of kind, † †Nature.
He stuck them up before the fulsome † ewes,
Who then conceiving did in eaning time † Lustful.
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest: 90
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness 100
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate—

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated* me *Scolded.

About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug, 110
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,† †Loose coat.
And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears you need my help:

Go to, then; you come to me, and you say

'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold: moneys is your suit. 120

What should I say to you? Should I not say

'Hath a dog money? is it possible

A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' Or

Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,

With bated breath and whispering humbleness,

Say this;

'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;

You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?' 130

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit* 141
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

*Small Dutch coin.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound 150
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return 160
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Chris-
tians are,

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,

As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
 To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
 If he will take it, so; if not, adieu; 170
 And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
 Give him direction for this merry bond,
 And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
 See to my house, left in the fearful guard
 Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
 I will be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit Shylock.*
 The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
 My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO and his train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and others attending.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
 The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
 To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
 Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
 Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
 And let us make incision for your love,
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
 Hath fear'd* the valiant: by my love, I swear
 The best-regarded virgins of our clime *Terrified.
 Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,¹¹
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
 By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
 Besides, the lottery of my destiny
 Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
 But if my father had not scanted me
 And hedged me by his wit,* to yield myself
 His wife who wins me by that means I told you,

Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair 20
As any comer I have look'd on yet *Knowledge.
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey, 30
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward 41
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto
my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.
[*Cornets, and exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Venice. A street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me
to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at
mine elbow and tempts me saying to me
'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or
'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use
your legs, take the start, run away.' My con-
science says 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot;

take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,' or rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' 'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well:' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions* with him.

*Experiments.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?
[*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your master-ship.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop. 70

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but at the length truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be. 91

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse* has on his tail.

*Shaft-horse. 101

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

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Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO and other followers.

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy!* wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

*Much thanks.

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify—

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frustrify unto you—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

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Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded* than his fellows': see it done.

*Decorated.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table* which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life: here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning

thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.† Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. *Tablet.

†Business. [*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:

These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night 180
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio!

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough 191
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they
show

Something too liberal.* Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty *Gross.
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild be-
haviour

I be misconstrued in the place I go to
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:

If I do not put on a sober habit, 199
Talk with respect and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine
eyes

Thus with my hat, and sigh and say 'amen,'
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent*

*Show.

To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me

By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity:

I would entreat you rather to put on 210

Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends

That purpose merriment. But fare you well:

I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:

But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A room in SHYLOCK'S house.*

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:

Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,

Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.

But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee:

And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see

Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:

Give him this letter; do it secretly;

And so farewell: I would not have my father

See me in talk with thee. 9

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.

[*Exit Launcelot.*]

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me

To be ashamed to be my father's child!

But though I am a daughter to his blood,

I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,

If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife, 20

Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time

Disguise us at my lodging and return,
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly
order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two
hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this,
it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the
Jew to sup to-night with my new master the
Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately.
Go, gentlemen, *[Exit Launcelot.]*
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[Exeunt Salar. and Salan.]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath
directed
How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. Before SHYLOCK'S house.*

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be
thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee
call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that
I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? what is your will? 10

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young
master doth expect your reproach. 20

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together, I
will not say you shall see a masque; but if you
do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell
a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i'
the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wed-
nesday was four year, in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife, 30
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look
out at window, for all this; 41

There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring,
ha?

Jes. His words were 'Farewell mistress;'
nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge
feeder;

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste 50
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:

Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:

Fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same.*

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which
Lorenzo

Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are
wont

To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?

Where is the horse that doth untread again 10

His tedious measures with the unbated fire

That he did pace them first? All things that are,

Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

How like a younker or a prodigal

The scarfed* bark puts from her native bay,

Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!

How like the prodigal doth she return,

With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,

Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this
hereafter.

*Decorated with flags. 20

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my
long abode;

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:

When you shall please to play the thieves for
wives,

I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;

Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more cer-
tainty,

Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours? 31

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness
that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth
the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,

For I am much ashamed of my exchange:

But love is blind and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-
bearer. 40

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my
shames?

They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;

For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild my-
self

With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit above.* 50

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no
Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself,
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there? 60

Gra. Signior Antonio!

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Belmont. A room in
PORTIA'S house.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and their trains.*

Por. Go draw aside the curtains and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription
bears,
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire;'
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-
serves;'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he
hath.'

How shall I know if I do choose the right? 10

Por. The one of them contains my picture,
prince:

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgement! Let me
see;

I will survey the inscriptions back again. *

What says this leaden casket?

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he
hath.'

Must give: for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens. Men that hazard all

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross; 20

I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-
serves.'

As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady:

And yet to be afraid of my deserving

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:
 I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
 In graces and in qualities of breeding;
 But more than these, in love I do deserve.
 What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
 Let's see once more this saying graved in gold;
 'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
 desire.'

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
 From the four corners of the earth they come,
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint: 40
 The Hyrcanian deserts and the vast* wilds *vast.
 Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
 For princes to come view fair Portia:
 The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
 Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
 To think so base a thought: it were too gross 50
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave. †Enclose.
 Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
 Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
 O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in Eng-
 land

A coin that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
 But here an angel in a golden bed
 Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may! 60
Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form
 lie there,

Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
 A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
 There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.
 [*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
 Often have you heard that told:
 Many a man his life hath sold
 But my outside to behold:
 Gilded tombs do worms infold.

Had you been as wise as bold, 70
 Young in limbs, in judgement old,
 Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
 Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:

Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
 Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
 To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*]

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
 Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
 With him is Gratiano gone along;
 And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised
 the duke,
 Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under
 sail:

But there the duke was given to understand
 That in a gondola were seen together
 Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
 Besides, Antonio certified the duke 10
 They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
 So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
 As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
 'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
 Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
 Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
 A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
 Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
 And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious
 stones, 20

Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;
 She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.'

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow
 him,
 Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:* *Freighted,
I thought upon Antonio when he told me; 31
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what
you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the
earth.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
Slubber* not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time; *Slur over. 40
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents† of love †Tokens.
As shall conveniently become you there:'
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Salan. I think he only loves the world for
him. 50

I pray thee, let us go and find him out
And quicken his enbraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S
house.*

Enter NERISSA with a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the
curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:

First, never to unfold to any one 10
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear

That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd* me. Fortune
now *Prepared.

To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he
hath.' 21

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire.'

What many men desire! that 'many' may be
meant

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the
martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty. 30

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump* with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.*Agree.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'

And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen† fortune and be honourable †Cheat.
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity. 40

O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much
honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.' 50

I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*]

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,

Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better? 60

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.

Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped. 70

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.* **Misfortune.*

[Exeunt Arragon and train.]

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose. 81

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here: what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets,*
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen 91
So likely an ambassador of love: **Salutations.*

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afraid
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly. 100

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!
[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped* ginger or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—— O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

*Snapped.

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses. 21

Salan. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal. 30

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years? 39

Shy. Isay, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more

between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a

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third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [*Exeunt Salan., Salar., and Servant.*]

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so: and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

101

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

110

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

120

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Sky. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Sky. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile. There's something tells me, but it is not love, I would not lose you; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality. But lest you should not understand me well,— And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,— I would detain you here some month or two Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to choose right, but I am then forsworn; 11 So will I never be: so may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'erlook'd me and divided me; One half of me is yours, the other half yours, Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours. O, these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights! And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so, Let fortune go to hell for it, not I. 21 I speak too long; but 'tis to peize* the time, To eke it and to draw it out in length, *Balance. To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life 30
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the
truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. 'Confess' and 'love'
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of
them: 40

If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the
stream

And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is 50
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules! 60

Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy* bred, *Love.
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell: 70
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least
themselves:

The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? 80
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement*
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature, 90
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped† snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled† shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
†Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word, 99
The seeming truth which cunning times put on

To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre
 lead, *Any outward show. †Curled. ‡Treacherous.
 Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
 Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
 And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Por. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet
 to air,

As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
 And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!

O love,

III

Be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;

In measure rein thy joy; scant* this excess.

I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,

For fear I surfeit.

*Cut short.

Bass.

What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit!* What demi-god

Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?

Or whether, riding on the balls of mine, *Portrait.

Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,

Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar

Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her
 hairs

120

The painter plays the spider and hath woven

A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men

Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—

How could he see to do them? having made one,

Methinks it should have power to steal both his

And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far

The substance of my praise doth wrong this
 shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow

Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the
 scroll,

130

The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,

Chance as fair and choose as true!

Since this fortune falls to you,

Be content and seek no new.

If you be well pleased with this

And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave; 140

I come by note, to give and to receive.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,

Hearing applause and universal shout,

Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt

Whether those peals of praise be his or no;

So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;

As doubtful whether what I see be true,

Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone 151

I would not be ambitious in my wish,

To wish myself much better; yet, for you

I would be trebled twenty times myself;

A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times

More rich;

That only to stand high in your account,

I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,

Exceed account; but the full sum of me

†Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,

Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised; 161

Happy in this, she is not yet so old

†But she may learn; happier than this,

She is not bred so dull but she can learn;

Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit

Commits itself to yours to be directed,

As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Myself and what is mine to you and yours

Is now converted: but now I was the lord

Of this fair mansion, master of my servants, 170

Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,

This house, these servants and this same myself

Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;

Which when you part from, lose, or give away,

Let it presage the ruin of your love

And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,

Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;

And there is such confusion in my powers,

As, after some oration fairly spoke 180
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this
ring

Parts from this finger; then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a
wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me
one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid; 200
You loved, I loved for intermission.
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa? 210

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in
your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a
thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport,
and stake down.
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?²²⁰
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO,
a Messenger from Venice.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my
lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;²³⁰
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Saler. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her
welcome.²⁴⁰
Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Saler. I would you had won the fleece that
he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon
same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,²⁵¹

And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England, 271
From Lisbon, Barbary and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Saler. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state, 280
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes* **Chief men.*
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him
swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord, 290

If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that, is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,

The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more? 300

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along. 310
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:*
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend. *Face.

Bass. [*Reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have
all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate
is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit;
and since in paying it, it is impossible I should
live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I
might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding,
use your pleasure: if your love do not
persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;

This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond* **Foolish.*
To come abroad with him at his request. 10

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.

[*Exit.*]

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone:

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers. 20
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity* that strangers have **Interest.*
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;

Since that the trade and profit of the city 30
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
 These griefs and losses have so bated† me, †Lessened.
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
 Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S
 house.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and
 BALTHASAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your
 presence,
 You have a noble and a true conceit
 Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
 But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
 How true a gentleman you send relief,
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
 I know you would be prouder of the work
 Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good, 10
 Nor shall not now: for in companions
 That do converse and waste the time together,
 Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
 There must be needs a like proportion
 Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
 Which makes me think that this Antonio,
 Being the bosom lover of my lord,
 Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
 How little is the cost I have bestow'd
 In purchasing the semblance of my soul 20
 From out the state of hellish misery!
 This comes too near the praising of myself;
 Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
 The husbandry and manage* of my house
 Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
 I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
 To live in prayer and contemplation,
 Only attended by Nerissa here, *Thrifty management.

Until her husband and my lord's return: 30
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again. 40

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend
on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well
pleased

To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*]

Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario; 50
And, look, what notes and garments he doth
give thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect,* to the common ferry *Ferry.
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient
speed. [Exit.]

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a
habit, 60

That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,

And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love, 70
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal; then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter! 80
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of
the father are to be laid upon the children:
therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was
always plain with you, and so now I speak my
agitation of the matter: therefore be of good
cheer, for truly I think you are damned.
There is but one hope in it that can do you any
good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope
neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee? 10

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your
father got you not, that you are not the Jew's
daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed:
so the sins of my mother should be visited
upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both
by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla,

your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways. 20

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes. 30

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork. 39

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only 'cover'* is the word.

*Lay table for dinner.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. *[Exit.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

70

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady, 80
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
†And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly
match

And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that. 90

Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a
stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoever thou speak'st; 'mong other
things

I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. *[Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Venice. A court of justice.*

Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose 10
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Saler. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty; 21
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;
Enow to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commiseration of his state 30
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd

To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:

If you deny it, let the danger light

Upon your charter and your city's freedom.

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have 40

A weight of carrion flesh than to receive

Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:

But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?

What if my house be troubled with a rat

And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats

To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;

Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;

And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection, 50

Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood

Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

Why he, a harmless necessary cat;

†Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force

Must yield to such inevitable shame

As to offend, himself being offended;

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,

More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus 61

A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question* with
the Jew: *Converse. 70

You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's hard-
er?—

His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you, 80
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, render-
ing none?

Shy. What judgement shall I dread, doing no
wrong?

You have among you many a purchased slave, 90
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
'The slaves are ours:' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it. 100
If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice.

I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this
court,

Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Saler. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man,
courage yet! 111

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets
your grace. [Presenting a letter. 120

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so
earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt
there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh
Jew,

Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to
make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.

Thou almost makest me waver in my faith 130

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit

Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infused itself in thee; for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, starved and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my
bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall 141
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four
of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [*Reads*] Your grace shall understand
that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick:
but in the instant that your messenger came, in
loving visitation was with me a young doctor of
Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him
with the cause in controversy between the Jew
and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many
books together: he is furnished with my opinion;
which, bettered with his own learning, the great-
ness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes
with him, at my importunity, to fill up your
grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let
his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack
a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young
a body with so old a head. I leave him to your
gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better pub-
lish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he
writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference 171
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand
forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed. 179
You stand within his danger,* do you not? *Power.

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty, 191
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy; 200
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the
law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice, 210
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you.

Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in
Venice

Can alter a decree established:

'Twill be recorded for a precedent, 220

And many an error by the same example

Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a
Daniel!

O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd
thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in
heaven:

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit; 230

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:

Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.

It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgement: by my soul I swear 240

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgement.

Por. Why then, thus it is:

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty.

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright
judge! 250

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast:

So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?

'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity. 261

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.

Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow 270

An age of poverty; from which lingering penance

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end;

Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For if the Jew do cut but deep enough, 280

I'll pay it presently with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife

Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for
that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could 291
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have
a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!

[*Aside.*
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is
thine:

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge! 301

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his
breast:

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come,
prepare!

Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh.'
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of
flesh;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate 311
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned
judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned
judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste: 320
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn 330
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond. 339

Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts 350
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too
Thou hast contrived against the very life 360
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's; 370
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke and all the court 380

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter. 390

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening shalt thou have two god-fathers:

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. 400

[*Exit Shylock.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you
not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof, 410
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope* your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore. *Reward.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave. 420

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you
further:

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will
yield.

[*To Ant.*] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them
for your sake;

[*To Bass.*] And, for your love, I'll take this
ring from you:

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this. 431

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my
wife; 441

And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save
their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*]

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the
ring:

Let his deservings and my love withal 450
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.

[*Exit Gratiano.*]

Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him
this deed

And let him sign it: we'll away to-night
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice* *Reflection.

Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:

His ring I do accept most thankfully:

And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore, 10

I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.

[*Aside to Por.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's
ring,

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant.

We shall have old swearing

That they did give the rings away to men;

But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.

[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where
I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to
this house? [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to PORTIA'S house.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night
as this.

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
 Stood Dido with a willow in her hand 10
 Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
 To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night 20
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I
pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about 30
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from
him.

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls? 40

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo?
Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my
master, with his horn full of good news: my mas-
ter will be here ere morning. *[Exit.]*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect
their coming.

And yet no matter: why should we go in? 50

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.

[*Exit Stephano.*]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines* of bright gold:

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings, 61

Still quiring† to the young-eyed cherubins;

Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

*Small dishes for holding bread in administration of Eucharist.

†Singing in concert.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear

And draw her home with music. [*Music.*]

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet
music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are atten-
tive: 70

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing
loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;

If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,

Or any air of music touch their ears,

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze

By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and
floods; 80

Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,

But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams! 90
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see
the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion
And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*]

Lor. That is the voice, 110
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows
the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands'
healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;

But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence; 120
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket* sounds.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his
trumpet: *Flourish on trumpet.
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the daylight
sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and
their followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be
light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband, 130
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my
lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to
my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound
to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words, 140
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [*To Ner.*] By yonder moon I swear you
do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring

That she did give me, whose posy was
 For all the world like cutler's poetry
 Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.' 150

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
 You swore to me, when I did give it you,
 That you would wear it till your hour of death
 And that it should lie with you in your grave:
 Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
 You should have been respective* and have kept
 it.

*Thoughtful.

Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
 The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man. 160

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
 A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
 No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
 A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
 I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with
 you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
 A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
 And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
 I gave my love a ring and made him swear 170
 Never to part with it; and here he stands;
 I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
 Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
 That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
 You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
 An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left
 hand off
 And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
 Unto the judge that begg'd it and indeed 180
 Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
 That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
 And neither man nor master would take aught
 But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
 Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,

I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed 190
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring
And would conceive for what I gave the ring
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring, 200
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor, 210
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet
lady?

I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night, 220
Had you been there, I think you would have
begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my
house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,

And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like
Argus: 230

If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well
advised

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him,
then;

For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these
quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome
notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends, 241
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;*
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord *Weal.
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him
this
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this
ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the
doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me. 259

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed:

Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here 270
Shall witness I set forth as soon 'as you
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you not? 280

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-fellow:

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;

For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee. 290

There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory 300
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, living in banishment.

FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS, } lords attending on the banished
JAQUES, } duke.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, } servants to Oliver.
DENNIS, }

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.

CORIN, }
SILVIUS, } shepherds.

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.

A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court;
and the Forest of Arden.*

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AS YOU LIKE IT.

MISS REHAN AS ROSALIND, MISS CROSSMAN
AS CELIA, MR. LEWIS AS TOUCHSTONE.

The series of Shakespearian plays arranged by Mr. Augustin Daly offered no more charming example than "As You Like It." The troupe was naturally of an Arcadian mood and the parts of Rosalind assigned to Miss Ada Rehan, of Celia to Miss Crossman, and of Touchstone to Mr. Lewis, as here represented, formed the centre of an ideal caste.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Orchard of OLIVER'S house.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion; bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. 30

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain;* I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

*Low-born man.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure

it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship. 100

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that 'is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father? 111

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles

bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet* the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. *Pass.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by

poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised;* but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle† the boy thither; which now I'll go about. *Despised. †Incite. [*Ex.* 180

SCENE II. *Lawn before the DUKE's palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and

hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father. 61

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. 71

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation* one of these days. *Satire. 91

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young. 100

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will. 110

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies; I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence. 130

Ros. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping. 140

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man? 160

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler? 179

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt. 190

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you! 210

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first. 219

Orl. An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [They wrestle.

Ros. O excellent young man!

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act I. Scene 2.

ORLANDO AND THE WRESTLER.

Than Maclise, no painter in the annals of English art has brought to the illustration of Shakespeare more tender and true appreciation. The original painting from which the accompanying reproduction is taken was one of his acknowledged masterpieces. It will be noticed with what art the group has been composed, yet how thoroughly free from artifice it appears.



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Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout. Charles is thrown.*]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed. 230

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed, 240

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.*]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son, His youngest son; and would not change that calling,*

*Appellation.

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was of my father's mind:

Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given him tears unto entreaties, 250
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him:

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:

If you do keep your promises in love

But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,

Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,

That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts 261

Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up

Is but a quintain,* a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;

*Post for tilting at.

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?

Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown

More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown! 271

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved

High commendation, true applause and love,

Yet such is now the duke's condition

That he misconstrues all that you have done.

The duke is humorous: what he is indeed,

More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this; 280

Which of the two was daughter of the duke

That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;

But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter:

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,

To keep his daughter company; whose loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument 291
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you
well. *[Exit Le Beau.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother: 300
But heavenly Rosalind! *[Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in the palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid
have mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be
cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me;
come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up;
when the one should be lamed with reasons and
the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father? 10

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father.
O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon
thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the
trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these
burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry 'hem' and
have him. 20

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler
than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try
in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these

jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly. 31

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke. 41

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires, 50
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter;
there's enough. 60

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;

So was I when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along. 70

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience 80
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me,
my liege:

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour, 90
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;

Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the
love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir. 101

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us, 110
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber* smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants. *Yellow-colored earth.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe* upon my thigh, *Cutlass. 119
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's
own page;

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my
state;

No longer Celia, but Aliena. 130

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world
with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.* 140

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and two or
three Lords, like foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in
exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors 10
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 20

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us
venison?

And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads*
Have their round haunches gored. *Barbed arrows.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along 30
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool, 40
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he 'thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:' then, being there
alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends, 50
'Tis right:' quoth he 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company:' anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we 60
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this con-
templation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and
commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:
I love to cope* him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.
[*Encounter.*
Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw
them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see
her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish* clown, at
whom so oft

**Mangy.*
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman, 10
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard

Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler

That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;

And she believes, wherever they are gone,

That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant
hither;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me;

I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,

And let not search and inquisition quail 20

To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Before OLIVER'S house.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser* of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men 10
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it! *Prize-fighter.

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son 20
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have
me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not
here. 30

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg
my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred
crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse 40

When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo 50
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee ap-
pears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion, 60
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. 70
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for
ALIENA, and TOUCHSTONE.*

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore courage, good Aliena!

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further. 10

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross* if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

*Money stamped with a cross.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk. 21

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

But if thy love were ever like to mine—

As sure I think did never man love so—

How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy? 30

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily! If thou remember'st not the slightest folly That ever love did make thee run into, Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not broke from company 40

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [Exit.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet* and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

*Small bat for beating clothes.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it. 60

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man If he for gold will give us any food:

I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold Can in this desert place buy entertainment, Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed: Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her
 And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
 My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
 But I am shepherd to another man
 And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
 My master is of churlish disposition 80
 And little recks to find the way to heaven
 By doing deeds of hospitality:
 Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
 Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
 By reason of his absence, there is nothing
 That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
 And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and
 pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but
 erewhile,
 That little cares for buying any thing. 90

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
 Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
 And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like
 this place,
 And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
 Go with me: if you like upon report
 The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
 I will your very faithful feeder* be *Agent.
 And buy it with your gold right suddenly. 100
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn* his merry note *Modulate.
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques. 11

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques. 20

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover* the while; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable† for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

*Lay table for dinner. †Disputatious.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun, 41
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it. 50

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame,* ducdame, ducdame:

Here shall he see *Bring him to me.
Gross fools as he,

An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that 'ducdame?' 60

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools
into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot,
I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet
is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O,
I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure
out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart
in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer
thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any
thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring
it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death
than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable;
hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here
be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not
something to eat, I will give thee leave to die:
but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker
of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly,
and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in
the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some
shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a
dinner, if there live any thing in this desert.
Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The forest.*

*A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and
Lords like outlaws.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;

For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this.

That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:'

And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:

Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30

That fools should be so deep-contemplative,

And I did laugh sans intermission

An hour by his dial. O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.* *Fashion.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,

They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents 41
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly, 50
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they
so?

The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob:* if not, *Sarcasm.
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley;† give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and
through †Many-colored coat of a fool.
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, 60
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou
wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but
good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chid-
ing sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed* sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride, *Swollen. 70
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
†Till that the weary very means do ebb?

What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery* is not of my cost, 80
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech? *Finery.
There then; how then? what then? Let me see
wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing† like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?
†Satire.

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by
thy distress, 91

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny
point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred

And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:

He dies that touches any of this fruit

Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with rea-
son, I must die. 101

Duke S. What would you have? Your gen-
tleness shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to
our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I
pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here;
 And therefore put I on the countenance
 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
 That in this desert inaccessible, 110
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
 If ever you have look'd on better days,
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
 If ever sat at any good man's feast,
 If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
 And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
 In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better
 days, 120

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church
 And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness
 And take upon command what help we have
 That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
 And give it food. There is an old poor man,
 Who after me hath many a weary step 130
 Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
 I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good
 comfort! [*Exit.*]

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone un-
 happy:

This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
 Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players. 140
 They have their exits and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

And then the whining school-boy, with his
satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden* and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation

*Hasty.

Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the jus-
tice,

In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern† instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon, †Commonplace.
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side, 159
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable
burden

And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam.

So had you need:

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. 170

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble
you

As yet, to question you about your fortunes.

Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude. 179
 Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.
 Heigh-ho! sing, &c. 190

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Row-
 land's son,
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
 Most truly limn'd* and living in your face, *Drawn.
 Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
 That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
 Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
 Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and OLIVER.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that
 cannot be:
 But were I not the better part made mercy,
 I should not seek an absent argument
 Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
 Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
 To seek a living in our territory.
 Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
 Worth seizure do we seize into our hands, 10
 Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
 Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your highness knew my heart in this!

I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature

Make an extent* upon his house and lands: *Seizure.

Do this expediently† and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*
†Expeditionously.

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,

Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books

And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;

That every eye which in this forest looks

Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree

The fair, the chaste and unexpressive* she. [*Exit.*
*Inexpressible.

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack

of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side. 39

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous* state, shepherd. *Perilous.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells,* you know, are greasy. *Hides.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard. 60

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd. 71

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape. 90

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,

No jewel is like Rosalind.

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,

Through all the world bears Rosalind.

All the pictures fairest lined

Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no fair be kept in mind

But the fair* of Rosalind. *Beauty. 100

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,

Let him seek out Rosalind.

If the cat will after kind,

So be sure will Rosalind.

Winter garments must be lined,

So must slender Rosalind.

They that reap must sheaf and bind;

Then to cart with Rosalind.

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do
you infect yourself with them? 120

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a
tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall
graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest
fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you
be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the
medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or
no, let the forest judge. 130

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. [*Reads*]

Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show:

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age; 140

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write,

Teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charged

That one body should be fill'd 150

With all graces wide-enlarged:

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,

Cleopatra's majesty,

Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts, 159
To have the touches* dearest prized.**Traits.*
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parish-ioners withal, and never cried 'Have patience, good people!'

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. 171

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse. 180

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man? 190

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is. 200

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!*

*Measure.

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

230

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this

age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism. 241

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies* as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit. *Atomus. 250

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter. 259

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone. 270

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name? 280

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings? 289

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love. 300

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love. 310

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*]

Ros. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o' clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest. 319

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain, the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury; these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves. 351

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.*

*Born; used only of beasts.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed* a dwelling. 360

*Remote.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland* man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched

with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

**Well educated.*

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women? 370

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner. 390

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and sunken, which you have not, an unquestionable* spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having† in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device‡ in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

**Not inquisitive. †Property. ‡Faultless.*

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that

is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish* youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Inconstant.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote* and woo me.

*Cottage.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious* poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

**Lascivious.*

Jaq. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house! II

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty* coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

**Chastity. 31*

Jaq. [*Aside*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.*

*Homely. 39

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

71

Jaq. [*Advancing*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley? *Fool. 79

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp. 90

Touch. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey: We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,— 100

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey.*]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

[*Exit.* 109]

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children. 10

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not? 21

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in. 30

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is:' besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths

and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired 50

After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. 60
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not,
Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
†Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: 10
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee:

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in
thee: 20

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine
eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible 30
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time
comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be
your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no
beauty,—

As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? 40
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,

That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain? 50
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer: 61
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year
together:

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness
and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so,
as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks,
I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you
so upon me? 70

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falsier than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my
house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he. 80
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of
might,

'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?
90

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace, 100
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me
erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot* once was master of. *Churl.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for
him;

'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well; 110
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes
him:

He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip, 120
A little ripper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference

armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer* than you. *Countenance.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind? 71

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. 'Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter. 81

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. 91

Ros. Well in her person I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney.* The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash

him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love. *Agent.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

120

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

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Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions. 141

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No,

no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

160

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole, stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, 'Wit, whither, wilt?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

171

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

181

Ros. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away,

and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind. 192

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological* break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise. 201

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu. *Hypocritical.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu.

[*Exit Orlando.*]

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough. 10

SONG.

For. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home;
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*]
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much* Orlando! *Used ironically.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath taken his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth:
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I pass
By the stern brow and waspish aspect
Which she did use as she was wroth,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me, 10
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would stand at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,

Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device. 20

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers. 30

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiopie words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the
letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant
writes. [Reads.]

Art thou good to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman rail thus? 40

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [Reads]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne 50
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!

He that brings this love to thee
 Little knows this love in me;
 And by him seal up thy mind;
 Whether that thy youth and kind
 Will the faithful offer take 60
 Of me and all that I can make;
 Or else by him my love deny,
 And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit Silvius.*]

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
 Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
 A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
 bottom:
 The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream 80
 Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
 But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
 There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
 Then should I know you by description;
 Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,
 Of female favour, and bestows himself
 Like a ripe sister: the woman low
 And browner than her brother.' Are not you
 The owner of the house I did inquire for? 90

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
 And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
 He sends this bloody napkin.* Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of
me

**Handkerchief.*

What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted
from you

He left a promise to return again 100

Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,

Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,

And mark what object did present itself:

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age

And high top bald with dry antiquity,

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,

Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck

A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,

Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly, 111

Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,

And with indented glides did slip away

Into a bush: under which bush's shade

A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis

The royal disposition of that beast

To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:

This seen, Orlando did approach the man 120

And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother;

And he did render* him the most unnatural

That lived amongst men. **Describe.*

Oli. And well he might so do,

For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,

Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed
so;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,

And nature, stronger than his just occasion, 130

Made him give battle to the lioness,

Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling*
From miserable slumber I awaked. *Confusion.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescued?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two 140
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place:—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind. 150
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Gany-
mede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on
blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers. 161

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you
lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body
would think this was well counterfeited! I pray

you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.
Heigh-ho! 169

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back How you excuse my brother, Rosalind. 181

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean. 10

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy

head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered.
How old are you friend? 20

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. 'Thank God;' a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so.
Art thou wise? 31

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember asaying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid? 40

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir? 50

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee, in faction; I will o'er-run

thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

20

[*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher? 30

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical* brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame;' for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath-of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

*Boastful.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I

know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will. 81

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study To seem despiteful and ungentle to you: You are there followed by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; And so am I for Phebe. 91

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service; And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy, 100
All made of passion and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
†All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? 110

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?'

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands. 131

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world.* Here come two of the banished duke's pages. *Married woman.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song. 9

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into't roundly,

without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding: 21
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c. 30

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAKUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando. that the boy

Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;

†As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? 10

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: 20
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him

Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 30
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded* gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

*Foolish.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure;* I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Stately dance.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up? 50

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild* you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

*Requite.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause? 70

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming,* Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's

beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Re-proof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say, I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct. *Seemly.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Re-proof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up* a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If. *Make up.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything and yet a fool. 110

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA.

Still music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,

When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is. 121

Ros. [*To Duke*] To you I give myself, for I am
yours.

[*To Ors.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my
daughter.

Ors. If there be truth in sight, you are my
Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. 130

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:

You and you are heart in heart:

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord: 140

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured: 150

Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art
to me!

Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word; now thou art mine:
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.* *Bind.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word
or two:

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day 160
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again 170
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune, 180
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity
And fall into our rustic revelry.

Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you
rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites*
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd. 191
[*To Duke*] You to your former honour I be-
queath;

*Converts.

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

[*To Or.*] You to a love that your true faith doth
merit:

[*To Oli.*] You to your land and love and great
allies:

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy
loving voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your
pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay. 200

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these
rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights,
[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the
epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to
see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good
wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play
needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use
good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the
help of good epilogues. What a case am I in
then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot
insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play!
I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to
beg will not become me: my way is to conjure
you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge
you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to
like as much of this play as please you: and I
charge you, O men, for the love you bear to
women—as I perceive by your simpering, none

of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a tinker.

HOSTESS, Page, Players, Hunts-
men, and Servants.

} Persons in the
Induction.

BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua.

VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to
Katharina.

GREMIO,

HORTENSIO, } suitors to Bianca

TRANIO, .

BIONDELLO, } servants to Lucentio.

GRUMIO,

CURTIS, } servants to Petruchio.

A Pedant.

KATHARINA, the shrew,

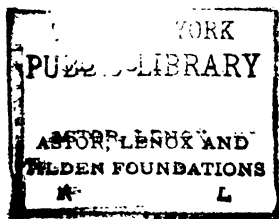
BIANCA,

Widow.

} daughters to Baptista.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on
Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE: *Padua, and Petruchio's country house.*





[illegible][illegible]

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

JOHN DREW AS PETRUCHIO.

It was a new sensation to lovers of the theatre when Mr. John Drew, the ideal actor of social comedy, came forth as the rollicking Tamer of the Shrew. Yet it became one of his most effective parts and he has, to modern play-goers, become identified with it. This excellent reproduction of a photograph exhibits a characteristic pose.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *Before an alehouse on a heath.*

Enter HOSTESS and SLY.

Sly. I'll pheeze* you, in faith. *Fleece.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Ye are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris;* let the world slide: sessa!† *Few words. †Be quiet.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?* *Broken.

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. 10

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough.* *Constable. [Exit.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.

Horns winded. *Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train.*

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

†Brach* Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd;† *Bitch.
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault? 20
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord; †Strained.

He cried upon it at the merest loss
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hun. I will, my lord. 30

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,
doth he breathe?

Sec. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he
not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he
lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine
image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his
fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself? 41

First Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he can-
not choose.

Sec. Hun. It would seem strange unto him
when he waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless
fancy.

Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes, 50
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And with a low submissive reverence
Say 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,*^{Napkin.}
And say 'Will't please your lordship cool your
hands?'

Some one be ready with a costly suit
And ask him what apparel he will wear; 60
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;

†And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
 This do and do it kindly, †gentle sirs: †Naturally.
 It will be pastime passing excellent,
 If it be husbanded with modesty.

First Hun. My lord, I warrant you we will
 play our part,
 As he shall think by our true diligence 70
 He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with
 him;
 And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:

[*Exit Servingman.*
Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
 Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servingman.

How now! who is it?

Serv. An't please your honour, players
 That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour. 80

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Player. So please your lordship to accept
 our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I re-
 member,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part

Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A Player. I think 'twas Soto that your honour
 means.

Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.

Well, you are come to me in happy time; 90

The rather for I have some sport in hand

Wherein your cunning* can assist me much. *skill.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night:

But I am doubtful of your modesties;
 Lest over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,—
 For yet his honour never heard a play—
 You break into some merry passion
 And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
 If you should smile he grows impatient.

A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain
 ourselves, 100

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
 And give them friendly welcome every one:
 Let them want nothing that my house affords.

[*Exit one with the Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
 And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's cham-
 ber;

And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance.
 Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
 He bear himself with honourable action, 110
 Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
 Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do
 With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
 And say 'What is't your honour will command,
 Wherein your lady and your humble wife
 May show her duty and make known her love?'
 And then with kind embracements, tempting
 kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,
 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd 120
 To see her noble lord restored to health,
 Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,
 An onion will do well for such a shift,
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
 See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions. 130

[*Exit a Servingman.*]

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,

Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman:
 I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
 And how my men will stay themselves from
 laughter

When they do homage to this simple peasant.
 I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A bedchamber in the Lord's house.*

Enter aloft SLY, with Attendants; some with
 apparel, others with basin and ewer and other
 appurtenances; and Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

First Serv. Will't please your lordship drink
 a cup of sack?

Sec. Serv. Will't please your honour taste of
 these conserves?

Third Serv. What raiment will your honour
 wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me
 'honour' nor 'lordship.' I ne'er drank sack in
 my life; and if you give me any conserves, give
 me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment
 I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs,
 no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes
 than feet; nay, sometime more feet than shoes,
 or such shoes as my toes look through the over-
 leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your
 honour!

O, that a mighty man of such descent,
 Of such possessions and so high esteem,
 Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am
 not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-
 heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-
 maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now
 by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian
 Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know
 me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on

the score for sheer* ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not be-
 straight:† here's—

*Unmixed. †Distracted.

Third Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

Sec. Serv. O, this is it that makes your servants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house, 30

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
 Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment
 And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
 Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays

[*Music.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed 40

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will
 soar

Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

First Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy grey-
 hounds are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe. 50

Sec. Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will
 fetch thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook,

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,

And how she was beguiled and surprised,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a
 thorny wood,

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Induction.

HIS LORDSHIP CHRISTOPHER SLY.

The translation of Sly from Tinker to lord of the realm is here represented with all the humor and skill of a brush which has become illustrious in modern English art. The painter is Orchardson, and the engraver who has interpreted him has lost no atom, saving in color, of the excellence of the original.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

[illegible]

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 200 million to 400 million. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion.

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L

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she
bleeds, 60

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a
lord:

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

First Serv. And till the tears that she hath
shed for thee

Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady? 70
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?

I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed

And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Sec. Serv. Will't please your mightiness to
wash your hands?

O, how we joy to see your wit restored! 79

O, that once more you knew but what you are!

These fifteen years you have been in a dream;

Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay,* a goodly
nap.

But did I never speak of all that time? *Faith.

First Serv. O, yes, my lord, but very idle
words:

For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;

And rail upon the hostess of the house;

And say you would present her at the leet,*

Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd
quarts: *Manor-court. 90

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hackett.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house
nor no such maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,

As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpennell
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good
amends!

All. Amen.

100

Sly. I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer
enough.

Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will
with her?

Sly. Are you my wife and will not call me
husband?

My men should call me 'lord:' I am your good-
man.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and
husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

111

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. 'Madam,' and nothing else: so lords
call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her
alone.

Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two,
Or, if not so, until the sun be set;

121

For your physicians have expressly charged
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry

so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood. 130

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a comonty* a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick? *Comedy. 141

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

Flourish.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Padua. A public place.*

Enter LUCENTIO and his man TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa renown'd for grave citizens 10
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,

Vincentio, come of the Bentivolli.
Vincentio's son brought up in Florence
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved. 20
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash* to plunge him in the deep *Water.
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonato,* gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself; *Pardon me.
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline, 30
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks†
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken‡ you; ‡Animate.
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 40

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO,
and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO
stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter 50
Before I have a husband for the elder:

If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. [*Aside*] To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will

To make a stale* of me amongst these mates? *Gull.

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 60

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:

I wis it is not half way to her heart;

But if it were, doubt not her care should be

To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool

And paint your face and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here's some good pastime toward:

That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see 70

Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio!

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said, Bianca, get you in:

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat!* it is best *Pet.

Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent. So

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My books and instruments shall be my company,

On them to look and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?

Sorry am I that our good will effects

Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew* her up, *Shut.

Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,

And make her bear the penance of her tongue? .

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye: I am resolved: go
Go in, Bianca: [Exit Bianca.

And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer* them hither; for to cunning† men
I will be very kind, and liberal

*Recommend.

To mine own children in good bringing up: †skillful.
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay; 100
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may
I not? What, shall I be appointed hours; as
though, belike, I knew not what to take, and
what to leave, ha? [Exit.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your
gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.
Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may
blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our
cake's dough on both sides. Farewell: yet, for
the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by
any means light on a fit man to teach her that
wherein she delights, I will wish* him to her
father.

*Commend.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word,
I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet
never brooked parle, know now, upon advice,* it
toucheth us both, that we may yet again have
access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in
Bianca's love, to labour and effect one thing
specially.

*Consideration. 121

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her
sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio,
though her father be very rich, any man is so
very a fool to be married to hell? 129

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your
patience and mine to endure her loud alarums,
why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an

a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole!* He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

*Portion.

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her! Come on.

150

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*]

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible or likely; But see, while idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness: And now in plainness do confess to thee, That art to me as secret and as dear As Anna to the queen of Carthage was, Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, If I achieve not this young modest girl. Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst; Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

160

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now; Affection is not rated from the heart: If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so, 'Redime te captum quam queas minimo.'

Luc. Gramercies,* lad, go forward; this contents:

*Much thanks.

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly* on the maid, Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, Such as the daughter of Agenor had,

*Longingly.

That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how
her sister

Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air: 180
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his
trance.

I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
stands:

Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care 191
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis
plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son, 200
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?

Luc. Basta;* content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house, *Enough.
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master; then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port† and servants, as I should:
I will some other be, some Florentine, †Pomp.

Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa. 210
 'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once
 Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
 When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
 And I am tied to be obedient;
 For so your father charged me at our parting,
 'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
 Although I think 'twas in another sense; 220
 I am content to be Lucentio,
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
 And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded
 eye.

Here comes the rogue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now!
 where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio
 stolen your clothes? Or you stolen his? or both?
 pray, what's the news? 230

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
 And therefore frame your manners to the time.
 Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
 Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
 And I for my escape have put on his;
 For in a quarrel since I came ashore
 I kill'd a man and fear I was descried:
 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
 While I make way from hence to save my life:
 You understand me?

Bion. I, sir! ne'er a whit. 240

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
 Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: would I were so too!

Tra. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next
 wish after,
 That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
 daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's,
I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of
companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio. 249

Luc. Tranio, let's go: one thing more rests,
that thyself execute, to make one among these
woosers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my rea-
sons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*]

The presenters above speak.

First Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not
mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good mat-
ter, surely: comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work,
madam lady: would 'twere done! 259

[*They sit and mark.*]

SCENE II. *Padua. Before HORTENSIO'S house.*

Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is
there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am
I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir? 10

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I
should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now! what's the matter? My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

'Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato,' may I say.

Hor. 'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.'

Rise Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges* in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty, a pip out? *Alleges. Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?' And come you now with, 'knocking at the gate?'

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge: Why, this's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world

50

To seek their fortunes farther than at home
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased;

And I have thrust myself into this maze,
 Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
 Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
 And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife? 60
 Thou'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel:
 And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich
 And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
 And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends
 as we

Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
 One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
 As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
 Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
 As old as Sibyl and as curst and shrewd 70
 As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
 She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
 Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
 As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly
 what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and
 marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby;* or an
 old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though
 she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses:
 why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus
 far in,

*Figure engraved on a jewel.

I will continue that I broach'd in jest.

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
 With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
 Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.
 Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
 Is that she is intolerable curst

And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure
 That, were my state far worsen than it is, 91
 I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's
 effect:

Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough;
For I will board* her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola, *Accost.
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue. 100

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the
humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as
well as I do, she would think scolding would do
little good upon him: she may perhaps call him
half a score knaves or so: why, that's nothing;
an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.* I'll
tell you what, sir, an she stand† him but a little,
he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure
her with it that she shall have no more eyes to
see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

*Rope-dancer's tricks. †Withstand.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep* my treasure is: *Custody.
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca, 120
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order† hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca †Measure.
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!* *Shrewish.
A title for a maid of all titles the worst. 130

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me
grace,
And offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen* in music, to instruct Bianca; *Versed.

That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her
And unsuspected court her by herself.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the
old folks, how the young folks lay their heads
together! 140

Enter GREMIO, and LUCENTIO disguised.

Master, master, look about you: who goes there,
ha?

Hor. Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling and an amorous!

Gre. O, very well; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me: over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality, 150
I'll mend it with a largess.* Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfumed:

For she is sweeter than perfume itself *Present.
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning, what a thing it is! 160

Gru. O this woodcock,* what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah! *Simpleton.

Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior
Gremio.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry 170
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
 So shall I no whit be behind in duty
 To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall
 prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
 Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, 180
 I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
 Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
 Upon agreement from us to his liking,
 Will undertake to woo curst Katherine,
 Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
 If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What coun-
 tryman? 190

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
 My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
 And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
 strange!

But if you have a stomach, to't i' God's name:
 You shall have me assisting you in all.
 But will you woo this wild-cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?
 Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? 200
 Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds
 Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets'
 clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
 That gives not half so great a blow to hear
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire? 210
 Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO *brave*, and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may
be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola? 221

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters: is't
he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have
you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I
pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's
away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offence? 231

Gre. No; if without more words you will get
you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as
free
For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hor-
tensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman, 240
To whom my father is not all unknown;

And were his daughter fairer than she is,
 She may more suitors have and me for one.
 Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
 Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
 And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
 Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove a
 jade. 249

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
 Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,
 The one as famous for a scolding tongue
 As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
 And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:
 The youngest daughter whom you hearken for
 Her father keeps from all access of suitors, 261
 And will not promise her to any man
 Until the elder sister first be wed:
 The younger then is free and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
 Must stead us all and me amongst the rest,
 And if you break the ice and do this feat,
 Achieve the elder, set the younger free
 For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
 Will not so graceless be to be ingrate. 270

Hor. Sir, you say well and well you do conceive;
 And since you do profess to be a suitor,
 You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
 To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
 Please ye we may contrive* this afternoon, *Pass.
 And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
 And do as adversaries do in law,
 Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's
 be gone. 280

Hor. The motion's good indeed and be it so,
 Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Padua. A room in BAPTISTA'S house.*

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell

Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face II

Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while: 20
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[Strikes her.]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows
this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.

For shame, thou hilding* of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong
thee? *Low woman.

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be re-
venged. [Flies after Bianca.]

Bap. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit Bianca.* 30

Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay,
now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean
man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musi-
cian; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a
lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God
save you, gentlemen! 41

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a
daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give
me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour, 50
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting Hortensio.*

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:

His name is Licio, born in Mantua. 60

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your
good sake.

But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your
name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for
his sake. 70

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare!* you are marvellous forward. *Keep back.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would
fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse
your wooing.

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure
of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that
have been more kindly beholding to you than any,
freely give unto you this young scholar [*pre-
senting Lucentio*], that hath been long studying
at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and
other languages, as the other in music and ma-
thematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his
service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.
Welcome, good Cambio. [*To Tranio*] But, gen-
tle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: may
I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here, 90
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument, 100

And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you the lute, and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both, 110
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

*[Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio,
Biondello following.]*

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing* welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh
haste, *Exceedingly.

And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, 120
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,* be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties† be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtained,
That is, her love; for that is all in all. 130
*Widow's jointure. †Contracts.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be
thy speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. 140

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for
winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou
look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good
musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to
the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute
to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,* 150
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she; 'I'll fume
with them.'

*Guitar stops.

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so. 160

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me and be not so discom-
fited:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do. [*Exeunt all but Petruchio.*] I will attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain 171
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word:
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day 180
When I shall ask the banns and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something
Hard of hearing:

They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain
Kate,

And bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate, 189
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved! in good time: let him that
moved you hither

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A join'd-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are
you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to
catch;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be! should—buzz!

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take
thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are
too angry. 210

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear
his sting? In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails: and so fare-
well.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay,
come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [*She strikes him.* 220

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy
books!

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my
hen.

Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a
craven.*

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not
look so sour. *Dunghill cock.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab. 230

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look
not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares. 240

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle. 'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance, Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will, 250

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twigg

Is straight and slender and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove 260
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside, 270
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed
on;

And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates. 280
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you
with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine!
in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise
you

You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack, 290
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the
world,

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. 300

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see
thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good
night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
 If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?
 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
 That she shall still be curst in company.
 I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
 How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
 She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss 310
 She vied* so fast, protesting oath on oath, *Played.
 That in a twink she won me to her love.
 O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
 How tame, when men and women are alone,
 A meacock† wretch can make the curstest shrew.
 Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day. †Cowardly.
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
 I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me
 your hands; 320
 God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
 I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
 We will have rings and things and fine array;
 And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severally.]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
 And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas. 331

Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
 But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
 Now is the day we long have looked for:
 I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
 Than words can witness, or your thoughts can
 guess.

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear
 as I.

Tra. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry. 340

Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen: I will compound this strife:

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the
city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands; 350
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,*
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies, *Counterpanes.
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls, 360
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua; 370
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
What, have I choked you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less

Than three great argosies; besides two galliases,*
 And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

*Large galleys.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
 And she can have no more than all I have:
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the
 world,

By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
 And, let your father make her the assurance,
 She is your own; else, you must pardon me, 390
 If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as
 old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
 I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know
 My daughter Katharine is to be married:
 Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
 Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
 If not, to Signior Gremio:

And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit Baptista.*

Now I fear thee not: 401

Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool
 To give thee all, and in his waning age
 Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
 Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.

'Tis in my head to do my master good:

I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
 Must get a father, call'd 'supposed Vincentio';

And that's a wonder: fathers commonly 411

Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,
 A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
 [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Padua.* BAPTISTA'S house.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd! 10
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of
thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double
wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching* scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself. 20
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in
tune?

*Liable to be whipped.

Luc. That will be never: tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:

'Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

Bian. Construe them. 30

Luc. 'Hic ibat,' as I told you before, 'Simois,'
I am Lucentio, 'hic est,' son unto Vincentio of
Pisa, 'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your
love; 'Hic steterat,' and that Lucentio that comes
a-wooing, 'Priami,' is my man Tranio, 'regia,'
bearing my port, 'celsa senis,' that we might
beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear. O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again. 40

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:
 'Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not, 'hic est Sigeia
 tellus,' I trust you not; 'Hic steterat Priami,' take
 heed he hear us not, 'regia,' presume not, 'celsa
 senis,' despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave
 that jars.

[*Aside*] How fiery and forward our pedant is!
 Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
 Pedascul,* I'll watch you better yet. *Pedant. 50

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
 Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I pro-
 mise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you:

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
 That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a
 while:

My lessons make no music in three parts. 60

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,

[*Aside*] And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,
 Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
 To learn the order of my fingering,
 I must begin with rudiments of art;
 To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
 More pleasant, pithy and effectual,
 Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
 And there it is in writing, fairly drawn. 70

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads*] "'Gamut' I am, the ground of
 all accord,

'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;

'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,

'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:

'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:

'E la mi,' show pity, or I die."
 Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
 Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,* 80
 To change true rules for old inventions. *Foolish.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave
 your books
 And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
 You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must
 be gone. [*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*]

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to
 stay. [*Exit.*]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
 Methinks he looks as though he were in love:
 Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
 To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale, 90
 Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
 Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
 [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.*

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA,
 BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and others, attendants.*

Bap. [*To Tranio*] Signior Lucentio, this is the
 'pointed day
 That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
 And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? what mockery will it be,
 To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
 To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
 What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth,
 be forced

To give my hand opposed against my heart
 Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen; 10
 Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.
 I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
 And, to be noted for a merry man,
 He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
 Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns;

Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
 Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
 And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
 If it would please him come and marry her!' 20

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
 For such an injury would vex a very saint,
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of! 31

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am and sees you there. 41

Tra. But say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives,

stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before and with a half-checked bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced and a woman's crupper of velure,* which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

*Velvet.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock* on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat and 'the humour of forty fancies' pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

*Stocking.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks* him to this fashion;

*Tucites.

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

80

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well. 90

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you
frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come:
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided. 101
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh
to hear:

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse 110
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent
robes:

Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done
with words:

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me, 120
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad
attire:

We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants.*]

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass, 131

As I before imparted to your worship,

I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills* not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—

And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa; *Matters.

And make assurance here in Padua

Of greater sums than I have promised.

So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,

And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly, 141

'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;

Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,

I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,

And watch our vantage in this business:

We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,

The narrow-prying father, Minola,

The quaint musician, amorous Licio;

All for my master's sake, Lucentio. 150

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming
home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom
indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's
dam.

Gre. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest 160

Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,

'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so loud,

That, all-amazed, the priest let fall the book;

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
 The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff
 That down fell priest and book and book and priest:
 'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tra. What said the wench when he rose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd
 and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him. 170

But after many ceremonies done,
 He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he, as if
 He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
 After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel
 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
 Having no other reason
 But that his beard grew thin and hungerly
 And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
 This done, he took the bride about the neck
 And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
 That at the parting all the church did echo: 181
 And I seeing this came thence for very shame;
 And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
 Such a mad marriage never was before:
 Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for
 your pains:

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
 And have prepared great store of wedding cheer;
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave. 190

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:
 Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.
 And, honest company, I thank you all,
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife:
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
 For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you. 201

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have
eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day; 210

No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.

The door is open, sir; there lies your way;

You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;*

For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself:

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom, *Fresh.
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not
angry.

Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure. 219

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy
command.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her;

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

I will be master of what is mine own: 231

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
 Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
 Kate: 240
 I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.*]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table, 249

You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
 And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. PETRUCHIO'S country house.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? * was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis.

*Arrayed.

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water. 21

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death. 40

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Gru. Why, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' and as much news as will thaw.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!*

Gru. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

*Cheating.

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale. 60

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [Strikes him.

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,— 70

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled,* how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst,† how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave. *Bemired. †Broken.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress. 101

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five Serving-men.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio! 110

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master? 119

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's* passion, silence! I hear my master. *God's.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before? 130

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gr. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the
heel;

There was no link* to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheath-
ing:

There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and
Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly; 140

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

[*Singing*] Where is the life that late I led—
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be
merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains,
when?

[*Sings*] It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry: 150

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

[*Strikes him.*]

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!

Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you
hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted
with.

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some
water?

Enter one with water.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[*Strikes him.*]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault
unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd
knave! 160

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I? What's this? mutton?

First Serv.

Ay.

Pet.

Who brought it?

Peter.

I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook? How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser, And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*]

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet: 171

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company: 180
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream. 189

Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
 And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
 My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
 And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
 For then she never looks upon her lure.* *Decoy.
 Another way I have to man† my haggard, ‡ †Tame.
 To make her come and know her keeper's call,
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
 That bate‡ and beat and will not be obedient.
 She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat; 200
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall
 not; †Wild hawk. ‡Flutter.
 As with the meat, some undeserved fault
 I'll find about the making of the bed;
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
 Ay, and amid this hurly‖ I intend^o ‖Noise. ^oPretend.
 That all is done in reverend care of her;
 And in conclusion she shall watch all night:
 And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl
 And with the clamour keep her still awake. 210
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong
 humour.
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.**Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO*

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress
 Bianca
 Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
 I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
 Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you
 read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve
 me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart! 10

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant woman-kind!

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:* 20
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio. *Base fellow.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior
Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours 30
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:

Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite
forsworn!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. 40
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit.]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such
 grace
 As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
 Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
 And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both
 forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
 That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day. 51

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such
 a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
 That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
 To tame a shrew and charm her chattering
 tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so
 long
 That I am dog-weary: but at last I spied 60
 †An ancient angel* coming down the hill,
 Will serve the turn. *Messenger.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatante,* or a pedant,
 I know not what; but formal in apparel,
 In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio? *Foreign trader.

Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
 I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
 And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
 As if he were the right Vincentio. 70
 Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
 Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes
hard. 80

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence and must here deliver them. 90

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you. 100

Bion. [*Aside*] As much as an apple doth an
oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir: so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city: 110
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance* of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. 120

*Deed of assurance. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in PETRUCHIO'S house.*

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite
appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed: 10
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd? 20

Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

Gr. Why then, the mustard without the beef

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding
slave, *[Beats him.]*

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweetening,
all amord?^{*} ^{*}Dejected.

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon
me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am

To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee: 40

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. [*Aside*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou
lovest me. 50

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats and caps and golden rings,

With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things;

With scarfs and fans and double change of
bravery,^{*} ^{*}Finery.

With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy
leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling† treasure. 60

†Rustling.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these. 70

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one
too,
And not till then.

Hor. [*Aside*] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to
speak;

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break,
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words. 80

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin,* a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

*Crust of custard. [*Exit Haberdasher.*

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us
see't.

O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop: 91
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. [*Aside*] I see she's like to have neither
cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it. 100

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commend-
able:

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet
of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a
puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou
thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter,
nail!

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag; thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete* thee with thy yard *Measure.
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived; the gown is
made

Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread. 121

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many
men; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor
braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut
out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to
pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to
testify. 131

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown.'

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'With a small compassed cape:'

Gru. I confess the cape. 141

Tai. [*Reads*] 'With a trunk sleeve:'

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it. 151

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard,* and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

*Measuring-wand.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use! 161

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. [*Aside*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away! I say; commend me to thy master. 170

[*Exit Tailor.*]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's

Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth* in the meanest habit.

What is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel, *Appareth.
Because his painted skin contents the eye? 180

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him:

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time. 190

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone:

I will not go to-day; and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. [*Aside*] Why, so this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.*

Enter TRANIO, *and the Pedant dressed like*
VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and but I be deceived
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Ped. I warrant you.

Enter BIONDELLO.

But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you: II
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice,

And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall* fellow: hold thee that to drink.

*Brave.

Here comes Baptista: set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

[*To the Pedant*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of: 20

I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft! son!

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for the good report I hear of you
And for the love he beareth to your daughter
And she to him, to stay him not too long, 30
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious* I cannot be with you, *Scrupulous.
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here 40
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,

Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him
And pass* my daughter a sufficient dower, *Assure.
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you
know best
We be affied* and such assurance ta'en *Affianced.
As shall with either part's agreement stand? 50

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you
know,

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily* we might be interrupted. *Accidentally.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning, 60
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Biondello, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Bion. I pray the gods she may with all my
heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee
gone.

[*Exit Bion.*
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer: 70
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Cambio!

Luc. What sayest thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh
upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens. 80

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest of Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this? 90

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, 'cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:' to the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearest thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *A public road.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO,
and Servants.

Pet. Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house.

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go. 11

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:

An if you please to call it a rush-candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes even as your mind. 20

What you will have it named, even that it is;

And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.

But, soft! company is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO.

[*To Vincentio*] Good morrow, gentle mistress:
where away?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks! 30

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars 40.
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art
not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make
known 50.

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age, 60
I may entitle thee my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous. 70

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt all but Hortensio.*]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.
[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Padua. Before LUCENTIO'S house.*

GREMIO *discovered. Enter behind BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, GRUMIO, with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:

My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir. 11

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go:

I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*]

Gre. They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal. 21

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa and is here at the door to speak with him. 30

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from Padua and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [*To Vincentio*] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance. 41

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old master Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. [*Seeing Biondello*] Come hither, crack-hemp.*

*Gallows-bird.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me? 50

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats Biondello.*]

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.* 61

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

[*Exit from above.*]

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*]

Re-enter Pedant below; TRANIO, BAPTISTA, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain* hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university. *High-crowned.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it. 79

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio. 89

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison. 100

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched* in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

*Cheated.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him! 110

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused:
O monstrous villain!

*Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and
BIANCA.*

Bion. O! we are spoiled and—yonder he is:
deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?
[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant,*
as fast as may be.

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended?
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes* blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing,† with a witness, to deceive
us all! *Tricks. †Unlawful confederacy.

Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's
love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last 130
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would
have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? have you married
my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [Exit. 140]

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [Exit.]

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.]

Gre. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

[Exit.]
Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me? 150

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again. Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate: Better once than never, for never too late.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Padua. LUCENTIO'S house.

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the* Pendant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Widow, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, *and* GRUMIO: *the Serving-men with* TRANIO *bringing in a banquet.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:

And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,

After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat as well as eat. 11

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petru-
chio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word
were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his
widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss
my sense:

I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns
round. 20

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio
that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her
tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that,
good widow.

Kath. 'He that is giddy thinks the world
turns round:'

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a
shrew,

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning. 30

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting
you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her
down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad!

[*Drinks to Hortensio.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and
horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd
you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll
sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have
begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my
bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior
Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd. 51

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-
hound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift* simile, but something cur-
rish. *Witty.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for your-
self:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you
now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird,* good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you
here? *Sarcasm.

Pet. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess; 60
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assur-
ance
Let's each one send unto his wife;

And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns. 70

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match! 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [Exit.

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all
myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word 80
That she is busy and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [Exit *Bion.*

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife? 97

Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in
hand:

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come!

O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes
Katharina!

Re-enter KATHARINA.

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send
for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's
wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to
come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their hus-
bands:

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Katharina.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love and
quiet life,

And awful rule and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and
happy?

Bap. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;

Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet
And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

See where she comes and brings your froward
wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. 120

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-
time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my
duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-
strong women 130
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will
have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall: and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind
brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair
buds, 140

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance commits his body

To painful labour both by sea and land,

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold, 150

Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and
safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands

But love, fair looks and true obedience;

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince

Even such a woman oweth to her husband;

And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foul contending rebel
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord? 160
 I am ashamed that women are so simple
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
 Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions* and our hearts
 Should well agree with our external parts? *Tempera.
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours, 170
 My heart as great, my reason haply more,
 To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
 But now I see our lances are but straws,
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
 That seeming to be most which we indeed least
 are.

Then vail* your stomachs,† for it is no boot,‡

*Lower. †Pride. ‡Use.

And place your hands below your husband's foot:
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and
 kiss me, Kate. 180

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou
 shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are
 toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are
 froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped.

[*To Luc.*] 'Twas I won the wager, though you
 hit the white;* 185

*Centre of target.

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.*]

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a
 curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will
 be tamed so. [Exeunt.]

ALL'S
WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.

LAFEU, an old lord.

PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.

Steward, } servants to the Countess of
Clown, } Rousillon.

A Page.

COUNTRESS OF ROUSILLON, mother to Bertram.

HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.

An old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, daughter to the Widow.

VIOLENTA, } neighbours and friends to the
MARIANA, } Widow.

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE: *Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.*

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Act I. Scene 1.

THE COUNTESS AND LAFEU.

After the Painting by F. Pecht.

This very satisfactory reproduction does excellent credit to the original by Pecht, the German artist whose insight and sympathy with Shakespeare's works render him unusually happy in such illustration.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,* evermore in subjection.

**Guard.*

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that 'had!' how sad a passage 'tis!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

40

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than have it.

61

Hel. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father

70

In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few.

Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
 Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
 Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
 But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more
 will,

That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck
 down,

Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;
 'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord, 80
 Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
 That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.
 [Exit.

Ber. [To Helena] The best wishes that can be
 forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be
 comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and
 make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the
 credit of your father.

[Exeunt Bertram and Lafew.

Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father;
 And these great tears grace his remembrance
 more 91

Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him: my imagination

Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.

I am undone: there is no living, none,

If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one

That I should love a bright particular star

And think to wed it, he is so above me:

In his bright radiance and collateral light

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. 100

The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:

The hind that would be mated by the lion

Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,

To see him every hour; to sit and draw

His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,

In our heart's table;* heart too capable *Tablet.

Of every line and trick† of his sweet favour:†

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy

Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

†Peculiarity. ‡Countenance.

Enter PAROLLES.

[*Aside*] One that goes with him: I love him for his sake; 110

And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
†Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen!

Hel. And you, monarch!

Par. No.

Hel. And no. 120

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you: let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up. 130

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with 't!

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most

infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: out with 't! within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: away with 't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion: richly suited,* but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears, it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear: will you any thing with it?

*Dressed.

Hel. †Not my virginity yet.....

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
 A mother and a mistress and a friend, 181
 A phoenix, captain and an enemy,
 A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
 A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
 His humble ambition, proud humility,
 His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
 His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
 Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,* *Names.
 That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
 I know not what he shall. God send him well!
 The court's a learning place, and he is one— 191

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well. 'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks. 200

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.
[*Exit.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember
thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under
a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under that
you must needs be born under Mars. 210

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes
the safety: but the composition that your valour
and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing,
and I like the wear well. 219

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot
answer thee acutely. I will return perfect
courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve
to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a
courtier's counsel and understand what advice
shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine
unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee
away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy
prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy
friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as
he uses thee: so, farewell. [*Exit.* 230

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky

Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
 Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
 What power is it which mounts my love so high,
 That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
 The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
 To join like likes and kiss like native things.
 Impossible be strange attempts to those 239
 That weigh their pains in sense and do suppose
 What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
 To show her merit, that did miss her love?
 The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
 But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me.
 [Exit.

SCENE II. *Paris. The KING's palace.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE,
 with letters, and divers Attendants.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the
 ears;
 Have fought with equal fortune and continue
 A braving war.

First Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here re-
 ceive it

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
 With caution that the Florentine will move us
 For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
 Prejudicates the business and would seem
 To have us make denial.

First Lord. His love and wisdom,
 Approved so to your majesty, may plead 10
 For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
 And Florence is denied before he comes:
 Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
 The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
 To stand on either part.

Sec. Lord. It well may serve
 A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
 For breathing* and exploit.

King. What's he comes here? *Exercise.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

First Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, 20
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral
parts

Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness
now,

As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on
And wore us out of act. It much repairs* me 30
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe *Comforts.
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
†So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awaked them, and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time 40
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
He used as creatures of another place
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
†In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof* lives not his epitaph *Approbation. 50
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would
always say—
Methinks I hear him now; his plausible* words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them.

To grow there and to bear,—‘Let me not live,’—
 This his good melancholy oft began, *Plausible.
 On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
 When it was out,—‘Let me not live,’ quoth he,
 ‘After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses 60
 All but new things disdain; whose judgements
 are

Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
 Expire before their fashions. This he wish’d:
 I after him do after him wish too,
 Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
 I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
 To give some labourers room.

Sec. Lord. You are loved, sir;
 They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know’t. How long is’t,
 count,
 Since the physician at your father’s died? 70
 He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet.
 Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out
 With several applications: nature and sickness
 Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
 My son’s no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

SCENE III. *Rousillon. The COUNT’S palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and CLOWN.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this
 gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even*
 your content, I wish might be found in the calen-
 dar of my past endeavours; for then we wound
 our modesty and make foul the clearness of our
 deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

*Equal.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you
 gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you
 I do not all believe: ’tis my slowness that I do
 not; for I know you lack not folly to commit

them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world,* Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

*Get married. 21

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barnes* are blessings.

*Children.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

41

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am weary of. He that ears* my land spares my team and gives me leave to in the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are,

there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd. *Ploughs.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave? 61

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way.

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak. 71

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen, I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond* done, done fond, *Foolishly.
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then; 80
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! An we might have a good woman born but one every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. .[*Exit.* 101

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds; there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence,* in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

*Since.

Count. You have discharged this honestly: keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me when I was young:

If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
 It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
 Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
 By our remembrances of days foregone, 140
 †Such were our faults, or then we thought them
 none.

Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother:

Why not a mother? When I said 'a mother,'
 Methought you saw a serpent: what's in 'mother,'
 That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
 And put you in the catalogue of those
 That were enwombed mine: 'tis often seen 150
 Adoption strives with nature and choice breeds
 A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
 You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
 Yet I express to you a mother's care:
 God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
 To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,
 That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
 The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
 Why? that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam: 160

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
 I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
 No note upon my parents, his all noble:
 My master, my dear lord he is; and I
 His servant live, and will his vassal die:
 He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you
 were,—

So that my lord your son were not my brother,—
 Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,
 I care no more for than I do for heaven, 170
 So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
 But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:

God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion, 180
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so; for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, 190
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, dis-
close

The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son. 200

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is loved of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious* and intenable sieve *Capacious.
I still pour in the waters of my love

And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like, 210
 Religious in mine error, I adore
 The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
 But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
 Let not your hate encounter with my love
 For loving where you do: but if yourself,
 Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
 Did ever in so true a flame of liking
 Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
 Was both herself and love; O, then, give pity
 To her, whose state is such that cannot choose
 But lend and give where she is sure to lose; 221
 That seeks not to find that her search implies,
 But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!

Count. Had you not lately an intent,—speak truly,—
 To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
 You know my father left me some prescriptions
 Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
 And manifest experience had collected
 For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
 In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them, 231
 As notes whose faculties inclusive were
 More than they were in note: amongst the rest
 There is a remedy, approved, set down,
 To cure the desperate languishings whereof
 The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
 For Paris, was it! speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of
 this;
 Else Paris and the medicine and the king
 Had from the conversation of my thoughts 240
 Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
 If you should tender your supposed aid,
 He would receive it? he and his physicians
 Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
 They, that they cannot help: how shall they credit
 A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,

Embowell'd* of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself? *Emptied.

Hel. There's something in't,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt 250
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your
honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave
and love,
Means and attendants and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court: I'll stay at home
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt: 260
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Paris. The KING's palace.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING, attended
with divers young Lords taking leave for the
Florentine war; BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

King. Farewell, young lords; these warlike
principles
Do not throw from you: and you, my lords, fare-
well:

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.

First Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young
lords; 30

Whether I live or die, be you the sons

Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy,—
 †Those bated that inherit but the fall
 Of the last monarchy,—see that you come
 Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
 The bravest questant* shrinks, find what you seek,
 That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

Sec. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your
 majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of
 them: *Inquirer.

They say, our French lack language to deny, 20
 If they demand: beware of being captives,
 Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. Come hither to me.

[*Exit, attended.*]

First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will
 stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

Sec. Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil*
 with *Turmoil.

'Too young' and 'the next year' and 'tis too
 early.'

Par. An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away
 bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
 Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry, 31
 Till honour be bought up and no sword worn
 But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal
 away.

First Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

Sec. Lord. I am your accessory; and so, fare-
 well.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tor-
 tured body.

First Lord. Farewell, captain.

Sec. Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are
 kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good
 metals: you shall find in the regiment of the

Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

First Lord. We shall, noble captain.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! what will ye do?

Ber. Stay: the king. 50

Re-enter KING. BERTRAM and PAROLLES retire.

Par. [*To Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure,* such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell. *Dance.

Ber. And I will do so. 60

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*]

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,

And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,

And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus; 70

Will you be cured of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a
medicine* *Physician.

That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary†
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple
touch †Lively dance.

Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand. 80
And write to her a love-line.

King. What 'her' is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor She: my lord, there's one
arrived,

If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see
her,

For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu, 90
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [Exit.

King. Thus he his special nothing ever pro-
logues.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty; say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. 101

[Exit.
King. Now, fair one, does your business fol-
low us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.

King.

I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises
towards him;

Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling, 110
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so;
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance
With all bound humbleness.

King.

We thank you, maiden;

But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us and
The congregated college have concluded 120
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidible estate; I say we must not
So stain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to dis sever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts 130
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd
grateful:

Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I
give

As one near death to those that wish him live:
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister: 140
So holy writ in babes hath judgement shown,

When judges have been babes; great floods have
flowed

From simple sources, and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails and most oft there
Where most it promises, and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well,
kind maid;

Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward. 150

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think and think I know most sure 160
My art is not past power nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? within what
space
Hopes thou my cure?

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly, 170
Health shall live free and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness; a divulged shame
Traduced by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd* otherwise; nay, worse—if worse—extended
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit
doth speak

*Stigmatized.

His powerful sound within an organ weak:
 And what impossibility would slay 180
 In common sense, sense saves another way.
 Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
 Worth name of life in thee hath estimate,
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
 That happiness and prime can happy call:
 Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
 Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
 Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
 That ministers thine own death if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property 190
 Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
 And well deserved: not helping, death's my fee;
 But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand

What husband in thy power I will command:
 Exempted be from me the arrogance
 To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
 My low and humble name to propagate 200
 With any branch or image of thy state;
 But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
 Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observed,
 Thy will by my performance shall be served:
 So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
 Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
 More should I question thee, and more I must,
 Though more to know could not be more to trust,
 From whence thou camest, how tended on:
 but rest 210

Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.
 Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed
 As high as word, my deed shall match thy meed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions? 21

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions? 31

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn. 39

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by

your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir! There's a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to't, I warrant you. 51

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir! spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'spare not me?' Indeed your 'O Lord, sir?' is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever. 61

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain't so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir! why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir; to your business. Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son.
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them. 70

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. *Paris. The KING's palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence

is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,— 10

Par. So I say.

Laf. Both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Par. So I say.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death. 20

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it; I would have said the very same. 30

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facineros* spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—
*Wicked.

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—[*pausing*] and debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—[*pausing*] generally thankful.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.
LAFEU and PAROLLES retire.

Laf. Lustig,* as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a coranto.† *Lusty.

Par. Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen? 50

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so. †Dance.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.
 Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
 And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
 Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
 The confirmation of my promised gift,
 Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful
 parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
 O'er whom both sovereign power and father's
 voice 60

I have to use: thy frank election make;
 Thou hast power to choose, and they none to for-
 sake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous
 mistress

Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but
 one!

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal* and his furniture,
 My mouth no more were broken† than these boys;
 And writ as little beard. *Docked horse.

King. Peruse them well:
 Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen, †Lost some teeth by age.
 Heaven hath through me restored the king to
 health. 70

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for
 you.

Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein weal-
 thiest,

That I protest I simply am a maid.
 Please it your majesty, I have done already:
 The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

'We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.'

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly, 80
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?

First Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the
rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw
ames-ace* for my life.

*Two aces, lowest throw.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair
eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!

Sec. Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive, 90
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were
sons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would
send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none
have her: sure, they are bastards to the English;
the French ne'er got 'em. 101

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet; I am sure thy
father drunk wine: but if thou be'st not an ass,
I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee
already.

Hel. [*To Bertram*] I dare not say I take you;
but I give

Me and my service, ever whilst I live, 110
Into your guiding power. This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her;
she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your
highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has raised me from
my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge. 121
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her,
the which

I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest 130
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:

Where great additions* swell's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone

*Titles.

Is good without a name. Vileness is so:

The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;

In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born 141

And is not like the sire: honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave
Debosh'd† on every tomb, on every grave

A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb †Debauched.

Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she 150
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst
strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord,
I'm glad:

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to
defeat,

I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;

That dost in vile misprision* shackle up
My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poisoning us in her defective scale, 161

Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where

We please to have it grow. Check thy con-
tempt:

*Misconception.

Obeys our will, which travails in thy good:

Believe not thy disdain, but presently

Do thine own fortunes that obedient right

Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;

Or I will throw thee from my care for ever

Into the staggers† and the careless lapse †Madness.

Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and
hate 171

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit

My fancy to your eyes: when I consider

What great creation and what dole of honour

Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late

Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now

The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,

Is as 'twere born so.

King. Take her by the hand, 180
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise

A counterpoise, if not to thy estate

A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king

Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
 Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
 And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
 Shall more attend upon the coming space,
 Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,
 Thy love's to me religious; else, does err. 190

[*Exeunt all but Lafeu and Parolles.*]

Laf. [*Advancing*] Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation! My lord! my master!

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Roussillon? 201

Par. To any count, to all counts, to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee. 209

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,— 221

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it. 231

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours

younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe* themselves upon thee.

*Exercise.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.* 281

Par. Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter BERTRAM.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me!
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her. 290

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother: what
the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars,
my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky* here at home, *wife.
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions 300
France is a stable; we that dwell in't jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,

Where noble fellows strike: war is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio* hold in thee? art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise
me. *Caprice. 311

I'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise
in it. 'Tis hard:

A young man married is a man that's marr'd:

Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:

The king has done you wrong: but, hush, 'tis so.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Paris. The KING's palace.*

Enter HELENA and CLOWN.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health:
she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but
thanks be given, she's very well and wants
nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail,
that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for
two things.

Hel. What two things? 10

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither
God send her quickly! the other, that she's in
earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have
mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on;
and to keep them on, have them still. O, my
knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her
money, I would she did as you say. 21

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many
a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing:
to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing,

and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou'rt a knave.* *Serving-man.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that's, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir. 31

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed. Madam, my lord will go away to-night; 40
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding, 50

Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you. [Exit Parolles.]
Come, sirrah. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Paris. The KING's palace.*

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him
a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [To *Bertram*] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor. ²¹

Ber. [*Aside to Par.*] Is she gone to the king?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin. ²⁹

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the

custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king and have procured his leave For present parting; only he desires 61
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepared I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you, 70
For my respects are better than they seem
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother:

[Giving a letter.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say.
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go: 81
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,*
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is; *Own.
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much: nothing,
indeed.

I would not tell you what I would, my lord:
Faith, yes; 90

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to
horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my
lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?

Farewell. [*Exeunt Helena.*

Go thou toward home; where I will never come
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio!* *Courage.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Florence. The DUKE's palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE of Florence, attended;
the two Frenchmen, with a troop of soldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point now have
you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

First Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin
France
Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

Sec. Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield, 10
But like a common and an outward* man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd. *Not in secret of affairs.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

First Lord. But I am sure the younger of our
nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us 20
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have
had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be
a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot and
sing; mend the ruff* and sing; ask questions and
sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a man
that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly
manor for a song. *Ruffs at top of boots. 10

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when
he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*]

Clo. I have no mind to Isabel since I was at
court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country
are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o'
the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out,

and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.* 20

Count. [*Reads*] I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy, 30
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter CLOWN.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady!

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would. 40

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away.

[*Exit.*

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

Sec. Gent. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen, 50

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't: where is my son, I pray
you?

Sec. Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.

[*Reads*] When thou canst get the ring upon my finger which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a 'then' I write a 'never.'

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

First Gent. Ay, madam;

And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood, 70
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

Sec. Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Sec. Gent. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe 't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour

That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

First Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [*Reads*] Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

First Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to. 80

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him

But only she; and she deserves a lord

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon

And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

First Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was it not?

First Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature 90
With his inducement.

First Gent. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You're welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

Sec. Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our cour-
tesies. 100

Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
France.'

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where
thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark 110
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
†Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff* that do hold him to't; *Witch.
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected: better 'twere
 I met the ravin[†] lion when he roar'd ^{Ravenous. 120}
 With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
 That all the miseries which nature owes
 Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rou-
 sillon,
 Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
 As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
 My being here it is that holds thee hence:
 Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
 The air of paradise did fan the house
 And angels officed all: I will be gone,
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight, ¹³⁰
 To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
 For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.
 [Exit.]

SCENE III. *Florence. Before the DUKE's palace.*

*Flourish. Enter the DUKE of Florence, BER-
 TRAM, PAROLLES, Soldiers, Drum, and Trum-
 pets.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art;
 and we,
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
 Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
 A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
 To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
 And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
 As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
 Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
 Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
 A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exeunt. 11

SCENE IV. *Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter
 of her?

Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. [*Reads*]

I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:

Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:

Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far 10
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:

His taken labours bid him me forgive;

I, his despitful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of
worth:

He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mild-
est words!

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice* so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her, 20
I could have well diverted her intents, *Discretion.
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:

If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she
writes,

Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,

To this unworthy husband of his wife; 30

Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.

Dispatch the most convenient messenger:

When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both

Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
 To make distinction: provide this messenger: 40
 My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Florence. Without the walls. A tucket afar off.*

Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, and MARIANA, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets. 9

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions* for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost. *Temptations. 30

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.

Enter HELENA, disguised like a Pilgrim.

Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another: I'll question her. God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers* lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here beside the port.

*Pilgrims.

Hel. Is this the way?

40

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. [*A march afar.*]

Hark you! they come this way.

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours

50

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsome'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,

As 'tis reported, for* the king had married him

Against his liking: think you it is so? *Because.

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count

Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name? 60

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.*

*Questioned.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. I warrant, good creature, wheresoe'er
she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might
do her
A shrewd* turn, if she pleased.

70

*Mischievous.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed;
And brokes* with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

*Acts as procurer.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:

Drum and Colours.

*Enter BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and the whole
army.*

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He; 80
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow.
I would he loved his wife: if he were honest
He were much goodlier: is't not a handsome
gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest: yond's that
same knave
That leads him to these places: were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle. 90

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something: look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army.*]

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron and this gentle maid 100
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Camp before Florence.*

Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords.

Sec. Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

First Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding,* hold me no more in your respect.

Sec. Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

*Paltry fellow.

Sec. Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

First Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not,

he might at some great and trusty business 'in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him. 19

First Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

Sec. Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer* of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgement in any thing.

First Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes. *Camp.

Enter PAROLLES.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside to Ber.*] O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

First Lord. A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum. 49

Par. 'But a drum!' is't 'but a drum?' A drum so lost! There was excellent command,—to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

First Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered. 60

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or 'hic jacet.'

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell. 90

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

Sec. Lord. No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do and dares better be damned than to do't?

First Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after. 101

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

Sec. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed* him; you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect. *Hunted down. 109

First Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case* him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night. *Strip.

Sec. Lord. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Sec. Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [Exit.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

The lass I spoke of.

First Lord. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once 120

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind, Tokens and letters which she did re-send; And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature: Will you go see her?

First Lord. With all my heart, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *Florence. The Widow's house.*

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, 15
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again
When I have found it. The count he wooes your
daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry her: let her in fine consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. 20
Now his important* blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: a ring the county† wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

*Importunate. †Count.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose. 29

Hel. You see it lawful, then: it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,*
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts and songs composed 40
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists
As if his life lay on't.

*Persevere.

Hel. Why then to-night

Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
 Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed
 And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
 Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
 But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Florentine camp.*

Enter Second French Lord, with five or six other Soldiers in ambush.

Sec. Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

First Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Sec. Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice? II

First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

Sec. Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

First Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

Sec. Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment.* Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges. *Service.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: they begin to smoke me;

and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue

Sec. Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance? * Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

*Proof.

Sec. Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? 49

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Sec. Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

Sec. Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

Sec. Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel— 61

Sec. Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

Sec. Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's. I would swear I recovered it.

Sec. Lord. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's,—

[*Alarum within*

Sec. Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo. 71

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.
[They seize and blindfold him.]

First Sold. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment:
 And I shall lose my life for want of language:
 If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
 Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I'll
 Discover that which shall undo the Florentine. 80

First Sold. Boskos vauvado: I understand
 thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerelybontó,
 sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
 are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

First Sold. O, pray, pray, pray! Manka
 revania dulce.

Sec. Lord. Oscorbidulchos volivorco.

First Sold. The general is content to spare
 thee yet;
 And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on go
 To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
 Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live!
 And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
 Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that
 Which you will wonder at.

First Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

First Sold. Acordo linta.
 Come on; thou art granted space.

*[Exit, with Parolles guarded. A short
 alarum within.]*

Sec. Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and
 my brother,
 We have caught the woodcock,* and will keep him
 muffled *Simpleton. 100
 Till we do hear from them.

Sec. Sold. Captain, I will.

Sec. Lord. A' will betray us all unto ourselves:
 Inform on that.

Sec. Sold. So I will, sir.

Sec. Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and
 safely lock'd. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Florence. The Widow's house.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got. 10

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that;
I prithee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn! 20

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the
truth,

But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness: then, pray you,
tell me,

If I should swear by God's great attributes,
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd, 30
At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;
 Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
 And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
 That you do charge men with. Stand no more
 off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,
 Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever
 My love as it begins shall so persever.

Dia. †I see that men make ropes in such a
 scarre
 That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no
 power
 To give it from me. 40

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
 Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world,
 In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
 My chastity's the jewel of our house,
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
 Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
 In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom
 Brings in the champion Honour on my part, 50
 Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
 My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
 And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my
 chamber-window:

I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
 Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
 When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
 Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
 My reasons are most strong; and you shall
 know them

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd: 60
 And on your finger in the night I'll put
 Another ring, that what in time proceeds
 May token to the future our past deeds.
 Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
 A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!

You may so in the end.

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men 70

Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,*
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:

Only in this disguise I think't no sin *Deceitful.
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Florentine camp.*

Enter the two French Lords and some two or three Soldiers.

First Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

Sec. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

First Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady. 9

Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

First Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Sec. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

First Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!

Sec. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as

in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

First Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

Sec. Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

First Lord. That approaches apace; I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

First Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

Sec. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Sec. Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

First Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Sec. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Sec. Lord. How is this justified?

First Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

Sec. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

First Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Sec. Lord. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

First Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

Sec. Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

Sec. Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning: entertained my convoy;* and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

*Escort.

Sec. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module,* has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophetier.

*Model.

Sec. Lord. Bring him forth: has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

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Sec. Lord. I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a'?

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Sec. Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter PAROLLES guarded, and First Soldier.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush, hush!

First Lord. Hoodman comes! Portotartarosa.

First Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

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First Sold. Bosko chimurcho.

First Lord. Boblibindo chicurpurco.

First Sold. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

First Sold. [Reads] 'First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to that?

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Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit and as I hope to live.

First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

First Lord. You're deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoric* of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape† of his dagger.

Sec. Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

First Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

First Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con* him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

First Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

First Sold. [Reads] 'Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.' What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vau-mond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

First Sold. Well, that's set down. [*Reads*] 'You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighting sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

First Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain? 210

Par. I know him: a' was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

First Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp? 219

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

First Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

First Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

First Sold. Marry, we'll search. 229

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke's other letters in my tent.

First Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

First Lord. Excellently.

First Sold. [*Reads*] 'Dian, the count's a fool,
and full of gold,'—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

First Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds. 250

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue!

First Sold. [*Reads*] 'When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell* with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear, 260
PAROLLES.'

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in's forehead. *Meddle.

Sec. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

First Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you. 269

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

First Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this

Captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the duke and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

First Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.

First Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians; to belie him, I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

First Lord. He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

First Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a quart d'écu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually. *Quarter crown.

First Sold. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Sec. Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

First Sold. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altoge-

ther so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

First Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

First Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure. 330

Par. [*Aside*] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

First Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

First Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unblinding him.* So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain. 349

Sec. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

First Lord. God save you, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

First Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you: but fare you well.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Lords.*]

First Sold. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet. 359

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

First Sold. If you could find out a country

where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. *[Exit, with Soldiers.]*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, 370

Let him fear this, for it will come to pass That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV. *Florence. The Widow's house.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,* *Kindness.
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking, 11
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive* *Wooer. 20

And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy† trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play
With what it loathes for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

†Lascivious.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you: 30
But with the word the time will bring on summer,

When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us:
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine's*
the crown;

*End.

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Rousillon. The COUNT'S palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and CLOWN.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him; it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs. 20

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed. 31

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman? 40

Clo. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest* thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still. *Entice.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir; that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*]

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will. 71

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Re-enter CLOWN.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek

of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed* face.

*Meat scotched for broiling.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier. 109

Clo. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Marseilles. A street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there. 11

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have 20
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir!

Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence removed last night and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. *ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL* yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me, 30
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Rousillon. Before the COUNT's palace.*

Enter CLOWN, and PAROLLES, following.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord
Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better
known to you, when I have held familiarity with
fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in
fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her
strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish,
if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will
henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering.
Prithee, allow the wind. 10

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir;
I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will
stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor.
Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! prithee, stand away: a paper from
fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look,
here he comes himself. 19

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, —but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort and leave him to your lordship. *[Exit.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched. 29

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a quart d'écu* for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends: I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

*Quarter crown.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word. 40

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than 'word,' then. Cox my passion!* give me your hand. How does your drum?

*God's passion.

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out. 50

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. *[Trumpets sound.]* The king's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.*

*To the utmost

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say, II
But first I beg my pardon, the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to
serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him
hither; 20

We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*

King. What says he to your daughter? have
you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your
highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have
letters sent me 30
That set him high in fame.

*Enter BERTRAM.**Laf.* He looks well on't.*King.* I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.*Ber.* My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.*King.* All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees 40
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege, at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen; 50
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came
That she whom all men praised and whom my-
self,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.*King.* Well excused:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores
away
From the great compt.* but love that comes too
late,*Reckoning.
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, 'That's good that's gone.' Our rash
faults 60Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust:

†Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shame full late sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day. 70

Count. Which better than the first, O dear
heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
name

Must be digested, give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*Bertram gives a
ring.*] By my old beard,

And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not. 80

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine
eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to
reave her

Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it 90
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived, my lord; she never
saw it:

In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engaged: but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune and inform'd her fully

I could not answer in that course of honour
 As she had made the overture, she ceased
 In heavy satisfaction and would never 100
 Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
 That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
 Hath not in nature's mystery more science
 Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas
 Helen's,

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
 That you are well acquainted with yourself,
 Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforce-
 ment

You got it from her: she call'd the saints to
 surety

That she would never put it from her finger,
 Unless she gave it to yourself in bed, 110
 Where you have never come, or sent it us
 Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
 honour;

And makest conjectural fears to come into me,
 Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
 That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
 And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
 And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
 Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
 More than to see this ring. Take him away. 120

[*Guards seize Bertram.*]

My fore-past* proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
 Shall tax my fears of little vanity, *Former.
 Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him!
 We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
 This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
 Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
 Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*]

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
 Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:

Here's a petition from a Florentine,* 130
 Who hath for four or five removes* come short
 To tender it herself. I undertook it, *Post-stages.
 Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
 Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
 Is here attending: her business looks in her
 With an importing† visage; and she told me,
 In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern †Significant.
 Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads*] Upon his many protestations to
 marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say
 it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a
 widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my
 honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence,
 taking no leave, and I follow him to his country
 for justice: grant it me, O king! in you it best
 lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor
 maid is undone. DIANA CAPILET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and
 toll* for this: I'll none of him. *Pay toll.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
 Lafeu, 150
 To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors:
 Go speedily and bring again the count.
 I am afraid the life of Helen, lady,
 Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, sith* wives are monsters
 to you, *Since.
 And that you fly them as you swear them lord-
 ship,
 Yet you desire to marry.

Enter Widow and DIANA.

What woman's that?

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
 Derived from the ancient Capilet:
 My suit, as I do understand, you know, 160
 And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and
 honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine; 170
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;

You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour 180
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour

Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester* to the camp. *Harlot.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity* *Value
Did lack a parallel; yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it. 200

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted* for a most perfidious slave, *Noted.
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and de-
bosh'd;† †Debauched.

Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.

Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,

That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is I liked her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth: 211
She knew her distance and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's* course *Love's.
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:

You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife; 220
May justly diet me. I pray you yet;
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband;
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his
of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being abed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it
him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth. 230

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather
starts you.

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I
charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off,
By him and by this woman here what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath
been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath
had in him, which gentlemen have. 240

King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love
this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves
a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.
What an equivocal companion is this! 250

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's
command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a
naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go
between them, as I said; but more than that, he
loved her: for indeed he was mad for her, and
talked of Satan and of Limbo* and of Furies and
I know not what: yet I was in that credit with
them at that time that I knew of their going to
bed, and of other motions, as promising her mar-

riage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

*Borders of hell.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine* in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. 270
This ring, you say, was yours?

*Artful.

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it, then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,

How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife. 280

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.*

*Loose woman.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while? 289

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty: He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't; I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not. Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

King. She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir: [Exit Widow.]

The jeweller that owes* the ring is sent for, *Owns.
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled; 301
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both. O, pardon!

Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this
maid, 310
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:
'When from my finger you can get this ring
And are by me with child,' &c. This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this
clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I see you living? 320

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep
anon:

[To Parolles] Good Tom Drum, lend me a hand-
kercher: so,

I thank thee: wait on me home, I'll make sport
with thee:

Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story
know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.
[*To Diana*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped
flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid. 330
Of that and all the progress, more or less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
[*Flourish.*

EPILOGUE.

King. The king's a beggar, now the play is
done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.
[*Exeunt.* 340



TWELFTH NIGHT

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.

SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.

ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.

A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.

VALENTINE, } gentlemen attending on the
CURIO, } Duke.

SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.

FABIAN, }
FESTE, a Clown, } servants to Olivia.

OLIVIA.

VIOLA.

MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and
other Attendants.

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast
near it.*

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[illegible]

TWELFTH NIGHT.

JULIA MARLOWE AS VIOLÁ.

The accompanying picture of Miss Marlowe possesses all the grace and charm of a well-composed portrait from a master-brush. As the young page in love with the mourning Countess Olivia this sympathetic actress has found a rôle which seems ordained for her by nature.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and other Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity 10
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity* and pitch soe'er, *Value..
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence! 20
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

How now! what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;

But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,

Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season 30
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine
frame

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers: 40
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you,
sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were
saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance
may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with
chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother, 11
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and
born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name
him:

He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late; 30
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving
her

In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company 40
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I served that lady
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits 50
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:

It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
 And speak to him in many sorts of music
 That will allow* me very worth his service.
 What else may hap to time I will commit; 60
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit. *Approve.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order. 9

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall* a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose? *Strong. 21

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,* and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature. *Bass-viol. 29

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller;

and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust* he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Taste.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company. 39

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystrell* that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo!† for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

*Kestrel. †Speak discreetly.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew. 50

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her. 60

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost?'

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand. 70

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, 'thought is free:' I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest? 80

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary.* when did I see thee so put down? *Wine.

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit. 91

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is 'pourquoi?' do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair. 101

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, doesn't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off. 110

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether. 121

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't. 130

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard* and come home in a coranto?† My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace.‡ What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

*Dance. †Lively dance. ‡Cinque-pace—dance.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock.* Shall we set about some revels?

*Stocking.

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

[*Exeunt.* 151]

SCENE IV. *The Duke's palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much ad-

vanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho? 10

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me. 20

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds Rather than make unprofit return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years, 30 That say thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious;* thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,*Ruddy. And all is semblative a woman's part. I know thy constellation is right apt For this affair. Some four or five attend him; All, if you will; for I myself am best When least in company. Prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best 40
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful* strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

*Full of impediments. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten* answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours.'

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary? *Short. 11

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you? 19

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins* fall. *Hose or breeches.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria. 31

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good

fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'

40

Enter LADY OLIVIA *with* MALVOLIO.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you. 60

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus non facit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof. 71

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for

your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend? 80

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.* *Baubles.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,* for thou speakest well of fools! *Lying.

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended. III

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dis-

miss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.*

*Brain.

Enter SIR TOBY.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby! 130

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,* and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*Posts on which proclamations were fixed.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind. 160

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash* is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him. *Unripe peascod. 171

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. . [Exit.

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA, and Attendants.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will? 180

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible,* even to the least sinister usage. *Tractable.

Oli. Whence came you, sir? 189

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger. 220

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you? 229

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text? 240

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave 260
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair. 270

My lord and master loves you: O, such love

Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged,* free, learn'd and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature 280
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,*Spoken of.
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons* of contemned love *Cantos.
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills 291
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

Oli. You might do much.

What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again, 300
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your
purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[*Exit.*

Oli. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art; 310
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and
spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft,
soft!

Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's* man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it. *Count's. 321
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't: hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. *[Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so. *[Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you
not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine
darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might
perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave
of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone:
it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay
any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are
bound. 10

Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage
is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so
excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not
extort from me what I am willing to keep in;
therefore it charges me in manners the rather to
express myself. You must know of me then, An-
tonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rode-

rigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. 49
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you

might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. *[Exit.]*

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much, 20
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant* enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false† **Dexterous.* 30

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!

For such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge?‡ my master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman,—now alas the day!—

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O time! thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me to untie! *[Exit.]* 41

†Natural falsehood. ‡Suit.

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed

after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements? 10

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup* of wine! *Cup

Enter CLOWN.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three?'

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.* I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: had'st it? *Voice.

Clo. I did impetico thy gratillity;* for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock;† my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*Pocket thy gratuity. †Handle of whip.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song. 31

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril* of me too: if one knight give a— *Sixpence.

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Clo. [Sings]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming? 40

O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. [*Sings*]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure: 50

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight. 70

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*Catch sung.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me. 79

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian,* we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally.† Lady! [*Sings*]
'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

*Native of Cathay. †Exclamation of contempt.

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings*] 'O, the twelfth day of December,'— 91

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'* catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you? *Tailors!

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!* *Hang yourself. 101

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.' 110

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.'

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clo. 'What an if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clo. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.' 121

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth. 141

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword,* and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it. *Byword.

Sir To. Possess* us, possess us; tell us something of him. *Inform. 150

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned* ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths:† the best persuaded of himself, so

*Affected. †Rows of grass as left by scythe.

crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expresse of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him. 180

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out. 201

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.*

*Cheat.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack;
'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight;
come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good
morrow, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship,
that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it? 10

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that
the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He
is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the
while. [*Exit Curio. Music plays.*

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat 21
Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour* that it loves:
Hath it not, boy? *Countenance.

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What
years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman
take 30

An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
 So sways she level in her husband's heart:
 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
 Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than
 thyself,
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
 For women are as roses, whose fair flower
 Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour. 40

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
 To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO and CLOWN.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last
 night.
 Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
 And the free maids that weave their thread with
 bones
 Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing.

50
 [*Music.*]

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away, breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it!
 My part of death, no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet, 60
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall
 be thrown:

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing,
sir. 70

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one
time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee;
and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable
taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would
have men of such constancy put to sea, that
their business might be every thing and their
intent every where; for that's it that always
makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. 81

[*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems

That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir? 90

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;

You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, 100

No motion of the liver, but the palate,

That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
 But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
 And can digest as much: make no compare
 Between that love a woman can bear me
 And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may
 owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
 My father had a daughter loved a man, 110
 As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
 I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her
 love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
 And with a green and yellow melancholy
 She sat like patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
 We men may say more, swear more: but in-
 deed

Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
 Much in our vows, but little in our love. 121

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's
 house,

And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
 Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
 My love can give no place, bide no denial.* *Denial.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of
 this sport, let me be boiled to death with melan-
 choly.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the

niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my metal of India!

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy,* it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

*Love.

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets* under his advanced plumes!

*Struts.

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

40

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows* him. *Inflates.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,*— *Canopied chair. 50

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow,* to hit him in the eye! *Cross-bow for throwing stones.

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed,* where I have left Olivia sleeping,— *Couch.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,— 61

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace. 71

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'—

Sir To. What, what? 80

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool, 90

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that? 100

Mal. [*Reads*] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*Reads*]

Jove knows I love:

But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know. 110

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know:' if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!*

*Badger.

Mal. [*Reads*]

I may command where I adore;

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I. 120

Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks* at it!

*Kestrel flies.

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capac-

ity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end, —what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,— Softly! M, O, A, I,—

Sir To. O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter* will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox. *Dog's name.

Mal. M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults. 140

Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you. 150

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[*Reads*] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough* and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang† arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made,‡ if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that

would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise[‡] the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[*Reads*] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

*Skin. †Sound.

‡Having fortune made. §Faultless.

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device. 200

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,* and become thy bond-slave?

*Game.

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

210

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a

dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter VIOLA, and CLOWN with a tabor

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church. II

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril* glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward! *Kid.

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir. 20

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come, who you are and what you

would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,'
but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the
fool;

And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time, 70
And, like the haggard,* check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art: *Wild hawk.
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am
yours. 81

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my
niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade
be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean,
she is the list* of my voyage. *Limit.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to mo-
tion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir,
than I understand what you mean by bidding me
taste my legs. 91

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance.
But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens
rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain
odours;' well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to
your own most pregnant* and vouchsafed ear. 100

Sir And. 'Odours,' 'pregnant' and 'vouch-
safed.' I'll get 'em all three all ready. *Ready

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: 110 You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that 120
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts 130
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving*

Enough is shown: a cypress,† not a bosom,
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you. †Kind of crape.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grize;* for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile
again. *Step.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! 140

[Clock strikes.]

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho! Grace and good dis-
position

Attend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me. 150

Vio. That you do think you are not what you
are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I
am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is
noon. 160

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre* all thy pride,*Despite.

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth, 170
And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst
move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy
reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir
Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more
favours to the count's serving-man than ever she
bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy?
tell me that. 10

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her
toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the
oaths of judgement and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen
since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shōw favour to the youth in
your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your
dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and
brimstone in your liver. You should then have
accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-
new from the mint, you should have banged the
youth into dumbness. This was looked for at
your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt
of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you
are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion;
where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutch-
man's beard, unless you do redeem it by some
laudable attempt either of valour or policy. 31

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with

valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist* as a politician.

*Separatists in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour. 41

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst* and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it. *Crabbed.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo:* go.

*Chamber. [Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't? 61

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes. 71

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered? 79

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.
[*Exeunt.* 90

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage, But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
†And thanks; and ever. . . . oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth* as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?

Shall we go see the reliques of this town? *Wealth.

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging. 20

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'ld pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be an-
swer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; 30

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed* in this place, *Taken.
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, 40
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your
knowledge

With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or
borrow'd.

I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,* *Grave.
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange
manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile:
your ladyship were best to have some guard
about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is
tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I
am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. 20

Mal. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does
make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-
gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye
of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is,
'Please one, and please all.'

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the
matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow
in my legs. It did come to his hands, and com-
mands shall be executed: I think we do know
the sweet Roman hand. 31

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come
to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile
so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady? 41

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—

Oli. Ha!

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

Oli. What sayest thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.' 50

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings!

Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Oli. Cross-gartered!

Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'

Oli. Am I made? 59

Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. 70

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*]

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue

tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed* her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Entangled as with bird-lime.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off. 100

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say? 110

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him. 122

Fab. No way but gentleness: gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck? *Fine fellow.

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit* with Satan: hang him, foul collier! †Game. 130

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray. †Cheater.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction. 141

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read. 161

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads*] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law. 169

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—'

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.' 180

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK.' If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bail: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away! 200

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. 220

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone

And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow. 230
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

239

Sir To. That defence* thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck,† be yare‡ in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

*Art of fencing. †Rapier. ‡Ready.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

250

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste* their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.†

*Try. †Sort.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark

naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. *[Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he? 289

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite* that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

*Adversary.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. *[Exeunt.* 300

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago.* I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in† with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy. *Virago. †Stoccata.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder. 310

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. 319

Re-enter, FABIAN and VIOLA.

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To Vio.*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you. 330

Vio. [*Aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't. 340

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[*They draw.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,* I am for you. 350

*Taker-up of quarrels. [*They draw.*]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.

First Off. This is the man; do thy office.

Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino. 361

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you:

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do, now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you 370

Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,

And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something: my having* is not much;

I'll make division of my present with you: 380

Hold, there's half my coffer.

*Fortune.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

Vio.

I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption 390
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that
you see here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Off. What's that to us? The time goes
by: away!

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind; 401
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

First Off. The man grows mad: away with
him! Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. *[Exit with Officers.]*

Vio. Methinks his words do from such pas-
sion fly,

That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you. 410

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither,
Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of
most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.

[Exit.]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and
more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty ap-
pears in leaving his friend here in necessity and
denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [Exit. 430

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before OLIVIA's house.

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow: Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me. II

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek,* depart from me: There's money for thee: if you tarry longer, 20 I shall give worse payment.

*Bawd.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.

Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand. 40

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, 50
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

Rudesby,* be gone!

*Rude fellow.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*]

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby 60

Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'ldst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir* Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*]

*Title applied to bachelor of arts.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors* enter. *Confederates.

Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is;' so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is?'

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas. 20

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies? 30

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas. 39

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstores toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.*

*Regular conversation.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion. 60

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not. 70

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring

me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the up-shot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*]

Clo. [*Singing*] 'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.'

Mal. Fool!

80

Clo. 'My lady is unkind, perdy.'

Mal. Fool!

Clo. 'Alas, why is she so?'

Mal. Fool, I say!

Clo. 'She loves another'—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio?

90

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

101

Clo. Advise* you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

*Consider.

Mal. Sir Topas!

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say!

110

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent* for speaking to you.

*Rebuked.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and

some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did. 120

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir, 130

And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice,

Like to the old Vice,

Your need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of lath,

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:

Like a mad lad,

Pare thy nails, dad;

†Adieu, good man devil. 140

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,*
That he did range the town to seek me out. *Report.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness, 10
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune

So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
 And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
 To any other trust but that I am mad
 Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her fol-
 lowers,

Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
 With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
 As I perceive she does: there's something in't 20
 That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you
 mean well,

Now go with me and with this holy man
 Into the chantry* by: there, before him, *Chapel.
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace. He shall conceal it
 Whiles† you are willing it shall come to note, †Until.
 What time we will our celebration keep 30
 According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
 And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oliv. Then lead the way, good father; and
 heavens so shine,
 That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before OLIVIA'S house.*

Enter CLOWN and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his
 letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another
 request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recom-
 pense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings. 10

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold. 31

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you

to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful* grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet, 60
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the
matter? *Destructive.

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her fraught* from
Candy; *Freight.

And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on
my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me: 70
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their
mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you
give me:

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side, 80
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add

My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger, 90
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own
purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months
before,

No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven
walks on earth. 100

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are mad-
ness:

Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may
not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my
lord,— 109

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat* and fulsome to mine ear *Dull.
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars

My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall
become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to
do it, 120

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your
favour,

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, 130
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in
mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above 140
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you
wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away!

Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband,
stay.

Duke. Husband!

Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah!

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear

That makes thee strangle thy propriety: 150
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands, 160
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward
my grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou
be

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? **skin.*
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow? 170
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon!
Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across and
has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the
love of God, your help! I had rather than forty
pound I were at home. 181

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario:
we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil
incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: 190

You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY and CLOWN.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates* than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is't with you? *Otherways. 200

Sir To. That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, †and a passy measures panyng.* I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them? *Serious dancer.

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together. 211

Sir To. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you: 220
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and
two persons,

A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of your-
self?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin 230
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a bro-
ther;

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too, 240
So went he suited to his watery tomb:

If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine. 250

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her
birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets* to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire, *Hinders.
Do not embrace me till each circumstance

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm, 260
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds;* by whose gentle
help

*Garments.

I was preserved to serve this noble count.

All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [To *Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have
been mistook:

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid;

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,

You are betroth'd both to a maid and man. 270

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his
blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

[To *Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand
times

Thou never shouldst love-woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;

And all those swearings keep as true in soul

As doth that orb'd continent the fire

That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds. 280

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on
shore

Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio
hither:

And yet, alas, now I remember me,

They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter CLOWN with a letter, and FABIAN.

A most extracting* frenzy of mine own

From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

How does he, sirrah?

*Distracting. 290

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the
staves's end as well as a man in his case may do:

has here writ a letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open 't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads*] 'By the Lord, madam,'— 300

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.*

*Voice.

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend,* my princess, and give ear.

*Attend.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. [*Reads*] 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.'

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.'

Oli. Did he write this? 320

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit Fabian.*

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,

One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex, 335
 So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
 And since you call'd me master for so long,
 Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
 Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
 Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that
 letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand:
 Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase; 340
 Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention:
 You can say none of this: well, grant it then
 And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
 Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
 Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
 To put on yellow stockings and to frown
 Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
 And, acting this in an obedient hope,
 Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
 Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, 350
 And made the most notorious geck* and gull
 That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why. *Fool.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
 Though, I confess, much like the character:
 But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
 And now I do bethink me, it was she
 First told me thou wast mad; then camest in
 smiling,

And in such forms which here were presupposed
 Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
 This practice* hath most shrewdly pass'd upon
 thee;

*Wicked stratagem. 360
 But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
 Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ 370
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;*
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd *Importunity.
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled*
thee! *Misused.

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve
greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon
them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir
Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord,
fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember?
'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal?
an you smile not, he's gagged:' and thus the
whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of
you. [*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet: 390
When that is known and golden time con-
vents,* *Convenient.

A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*]

Clo. [*Sings*]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their
gate,
For the rain, &c.

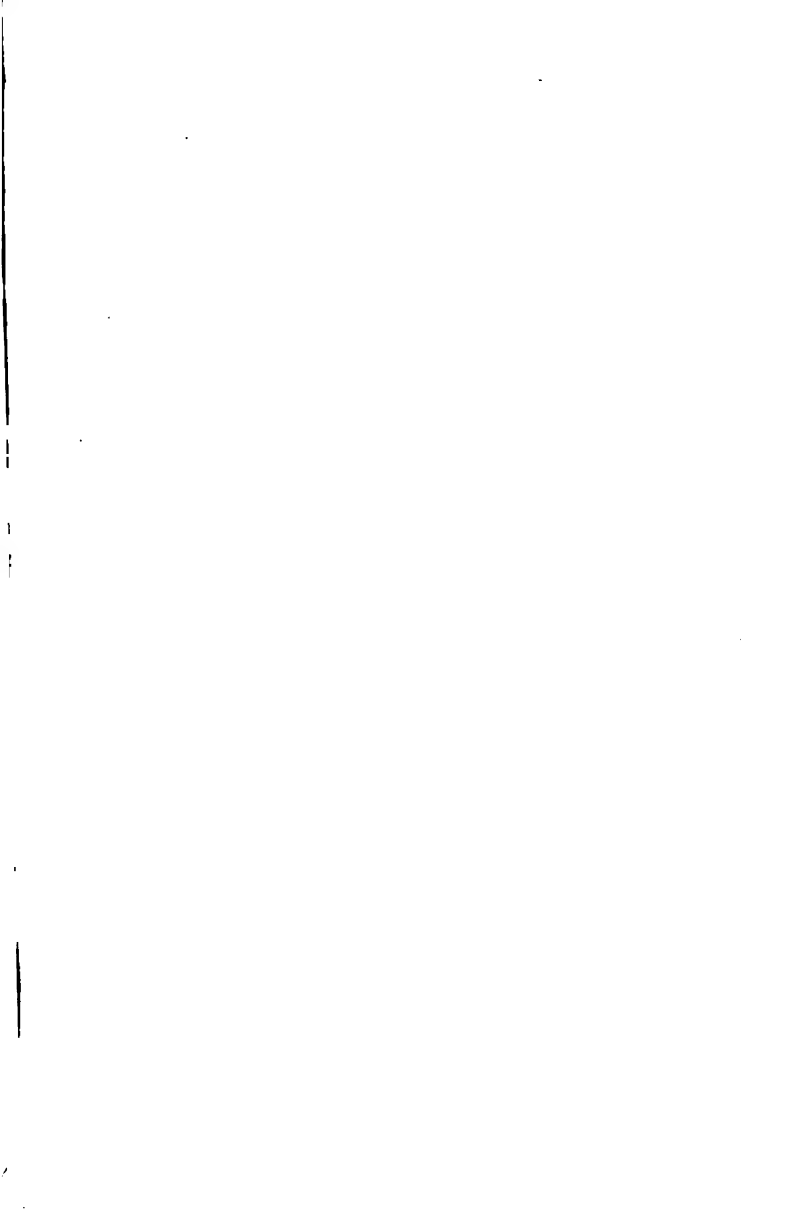
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

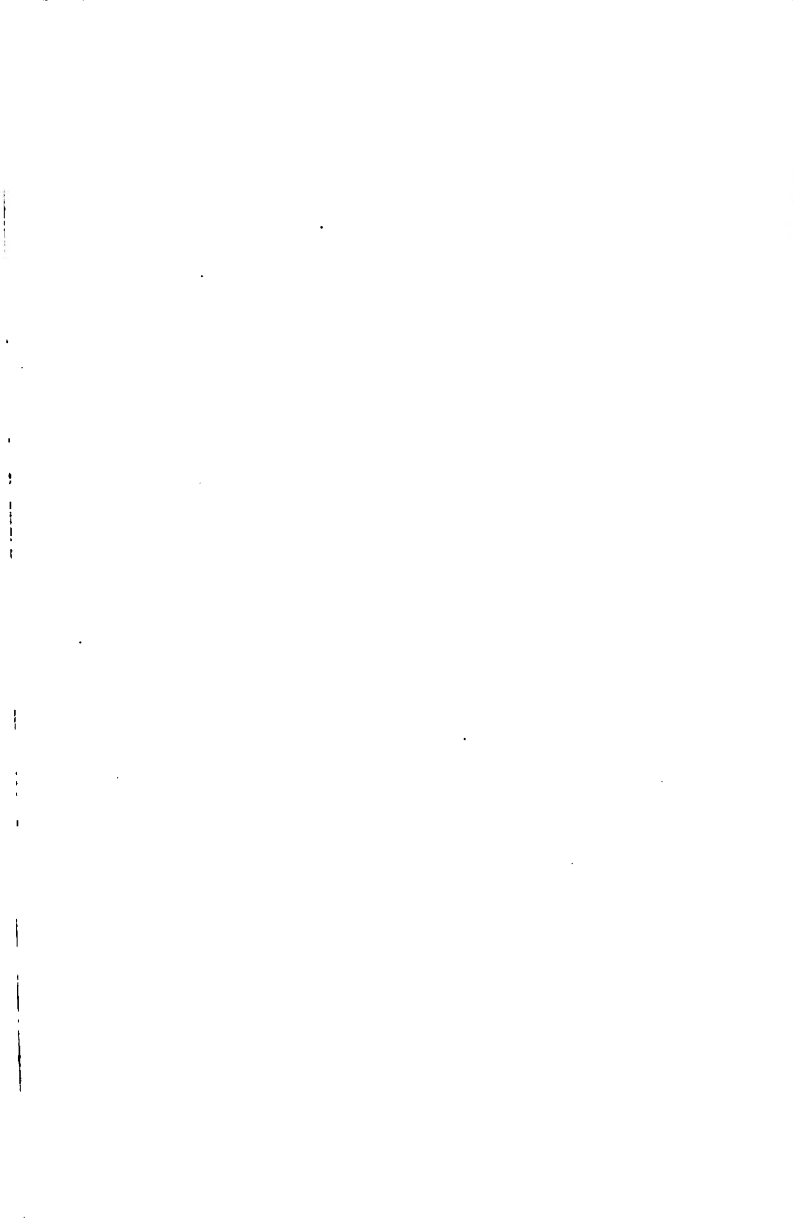
But when I came unto my beds, 410
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.
[Exit.]

D.C.

Jm





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